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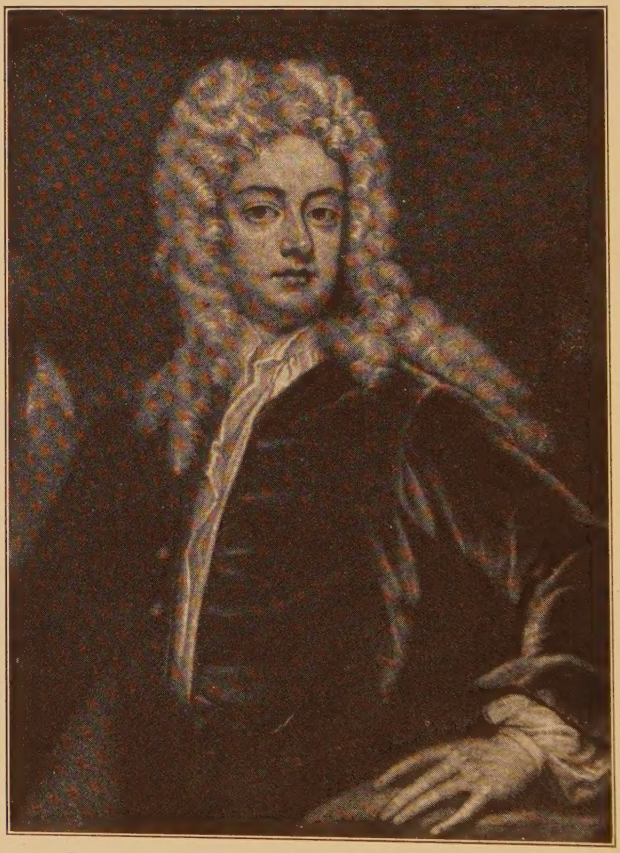

Joseph Addison

The Scribner English Classics

ADDISON STEELE BUDGELL

SELECTIONS FROM THE SPECTATOR

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

EDWIN FAIRLEY

HEAD TEACHER OF ENGLISH IN THE JAMAICA HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1914

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JOSEPH ADDISON. From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller

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INTRODUCTION

I.—THE LIFE OF ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON, son of the Rev. Lancelot and Jane Gulston Addison, was born in Milston rectory, Wiltshire, England, on the first of May, 1672. Little is known of his mother beyond the fact that she was the daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Gulston and the sister of William Gulston, Bishop of Bristol. The Rev. Lancelot Addison, father of Joseph, had a rather eventful career, and was a man of strong character and of some pretension to literary fame. Educated at Queen's College, Oxford, during the Puritan days, he was still a stanch and life-long Royalist. Banished from Oxford for his boldness, he sustained himself for a time by acting as chaplain to those sturdy squires of Sussex who continued in private to use the liturgy of the Church of England in spite of Cromwell's opposition.

When the monarchy was restored in 1660 Lancelot Addison was made chaplain at Dunkirk, the solitary remnant of England's once large domain in France, and when Charles II sold Dunkirk to the French, Addison went to Tangier in Northern Africa as chaplain to the garrison there. Here he remained for some years, which were not unfruitful, for on his return to England he published several volumes, the result of his observations, which brought him some fame. He was, in succession, rector of Milston, where Joseph was born, archdeacon of Salisbury, and dean of Lichfield, in which office he died in 1703. It is said that he might have been a bishop but for the fact that he was always a partisan of the Stuarts and continued to favor

the claims of James II to the throne after the banishment of that prince.

Steele has given us in *The Tatler* a glimpse of the Addison household which shows us something of the atmosphere in which Joseph grew up.

"I remember among all my acquaintance but one man whom I have thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and a daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous way. I have often heard him say he had the weakness to love one much better than the other, but that he took as much pains to correct that as any other criminal passion that could arise in his mind. His method was to make it the only pretension in his children to his favor to be kind to each other, and he would tell them that him who was the best brother he would reckon the best son. This turned their thoughts into an emulation for the superiority in kind and tender affection toward each other. The boys behaved themselves very early with a manly friendship; and their sister, instead of the gross familiarities and impertinent freedoms in behavior usual in other houses, was always treated by them with as much complaisance as any other young lady of their acquaintance. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit or sit at a meal in that family. I have often seen the old man's heart flow at his eyes with joy upon occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were strangers to the turn of his mind; but a very slight accident, wherein he saw his children's good-will to one another, created in him the godlike pleasure of loving them because they loved each other. This great command of himself in hiding his first impulse to partiality at last improved to a steady justice toward them, and that which at first was but an expedient to correct his weakness was afterward the measure of his virtue."

Young Addison received the best education which England could afford. As a boy he knew intimately the beautiful Wiltshire country with its clear streams, its deep woods, and its fruitful meadows. Perhaps he had these in mind when later he wrote in his paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm:

"When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow."

He went early to school, attending for short periods the grammar schools of Amesbury, Salisbury, and Lichfield, and then becoming for a year an inmate of the great Charterhouse in London, where began that life-long friendship with his literary partner, Richard Steele. The Charterhouse was originally Chartreuse, a monastery of Carthusian monks, founded in 1371 by Sir Walter Manny and the Bishop of London. In 1611 it became a hospital for unfortunate gentlemen and a school for boys. In 1872 the school was removed to Godalming, in Surrey, but the fine old building still remains, the head-quarters of the Merchant Taylors' Company. It is the pride of the school that it educated not only Addison and Steele, but also Thackeray, John Wesley, Grote, the historian of Greece, Blackstone, the lawyer, and many another. It is reported that Addison was a real boy at school. He is said to have had a hand in a barring-out, and to have run away from school at one time and to have lived for some time in a hollow tree. In Thackeray's *The Newcomes* may be found several references to the old school and its customs.

From the Charterhouse Addison went up to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1687, being then fifteen years old. He took with him a precocious ability to make Latin verses, and, for his years, a wide acquaintance with Latin literature. It is worth noting that Addison's good scholarship was the foundation of his fortune. After two years at Queen's Addison was invited to take a demyship at Magdalen College because of the excellence of some Latin verses which came to the attention of the President of Magdalen. (A demyship is a half-fellowship peculiar to Magdalen.) In due time Addison took the master's degree and was made a fellow of his college, a position which paid a moderate stipend and yielded an opportunity for quiet

study, mingled with a little teaching. This fellowship Addison held from 1698 to 1711, although for much of that time he was not in residence. Few memories of his student days at Oxford remain for us. He is said to have been studious, shy, a good talker when only a few were present, but dumb in a large company, and to have done his studying at night. A famous walk at Oxford under the elms by the Cherwell is still called by his name.

Addison's literary career, which for convenience we may divide into three periods, began before his student days at Oxford were well over. In 1693, the same year in which he took his master's degree, he wrote in verse *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, which is remarkable for its total neglect of Shakespeare, and for its lukewarm treatment of Chaucer and Spenser, while it exalts Dryden and Cowley to the skies. Evidently Addison's critical faculty, later so acute, was not developed early in his career.

The first period of Addison's literary career ended in 1704. None of the books which he wrote during that time has attained a lasting position in English literature, but he was trying his 'prentice hand and was laying up stores of learning and of experience which were of great service to him later on. His Latin verses won him praise and some measure of advancement, and he wrote some notes on Ovid in 1697 which showed a distinct advance in critical ability over the comments which he had made on the English poets.

We have seen that Addison's father was a stanch and lifelong Tory; but his son was all his days a Whig. Perhaps we shall find the reason for the change in the condition of things in Oxford while Addison was an undergraduate. James II had done his best to install a Roman Catholic as President of Magdalen College, but he met with stubborn resistance from the scholars of that ancient society. Magdalen, and indeed all Oxford, had been intensely loyal to the Stuarts but this had been too much even for Magdalen. When Addison gained his demyship at Magdalen, he found practically the whole college a unit in opposition to James and in support of William. The year of his entrance upon residence at Magdalen, 1689, was also the

year of the deposition of James and of the enthronement of William and Mary. Addison was only seventeen then, and he received such a strong impression of republicanism that he was ever after a Whig. The tower of Magdalen is one of the most beautiful in England, and it is commonly said at Oxford that this is the wall against which James II butted his head.

In the reign of William and Mary the leaders of the two great parties felt the need of attaching to their causes as many good writers as possible as a means of influencing public opinion. The practical freedom of the press had been guaranteed by the Revolution of 1689—the Glorious Revolution, as the Whigs called it—and though the debates in Parliament could not yet be published, the press opened up a great means of influencing public opinion. It was the day, too, of political pamphlets, which were frequently printed and widely read. Writers, therefore, were relatively in great demand. Keen watch was kept of the universities, and if any bright young writer began to show his talents the political leaders were likely to hear of him and to try to attach him to their several causes. So when young Mr. Addison was seen to be making a name for himself as a writer, the Whig leaders cultivated his acquaintance. Addison had been destined for the ministry of the Church of England, and his holding a fellowship at Magdalen was contingent on his becoming ordained, but Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, and John Somers, the Lord Chancellor, interested themselves in him, and procured for him a pension of three hundred pounds a year with the understanding that he was to travel and to fit himself for employment in the service of the government. The powerful influence of Lord Chancellor Somers procured the consent of Magdalen College to the new arrangement, and so Addison retained his fellowship but did not enter the ministry. It is only fair to say, however, that Addison was all his life very friendly to the clergy, and was always something of a preacher, as readers of *The Spectator* may see for themselves; one smart critic has called him "a parson in a tie-wig."

In 1699, then, Addison started off for the grand tour of Europe which was supposed to put the finishing touches on

a young man's education, and, in Addison's case, to fit him for a political or diplomatic career. With his pension Addison was comparatively a rich man. France was naturally the first country he visited, not only because it was the nearest neighbor of England, but also because French was the universal language, alike of diplomacy and of culture. In France, accordingly, Addison spent a year and a half, dividing his time between Blois, a provincial town where conversational French was of the purest, and Paris and Versailles, then, as now, the gay capitals of France. Among French literary men whom Addison met were Malebranche and Boileau. The latter complimented the young Englishman on his Latin verses and talked much to him of his favorite literary themes; he was very appreciative of the majestic simplicity of the Greek writers, and had learned from them, as Macaulay says, to despise tinsel and bombast. It is hardly doubtful that when Addison came to write, the precepts of Boileau influenced him toward that simplicity of style which is one of the distinctions of *The Spectator*.

The stay in France was followed by a year in Italy, where he saw the cathedrals and highly interesting towns of that land which had so lately been the leader in the great Renaissance movement. Genoa, Milan, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Rome, and many another world-famous city delighted Addison's eyes and stored his mind with materials and hints for later use. In Venice he saw an absurd play on the death of Cato that may have given him the idea of his own *Cato*, which seems to have been begun on this trip. Tennyson makes Ulysses say,

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Addison in these years abroad was storing his mind with scenes and incidents which were ever afterward a resource to him. A storm through which he passed on the Mediterranean blossomed later into the poem *How are Thy Servants Blest, O Lord*, and the reader of *The Spectator* is coming constantly upon allusions which date back to these golden days of travel.

From Italy Addison crossed the Alps into Switzerland, then he went to Germany, and last to Holland. In 1702 William

the Third died and was succeeded by Anne. Anne did not like the Whigs and turned Somers and Halifax out of office. With their fall fell also Addison's pension. However, he supported himself by acting as tutor to a young Englishman and finished his tour. He had, besides, his fellowship at Magdalen, which brought him something. It is characteristic of Addison that after the fall of Halifax, and when he had nothing to gain from his former benefactor, he dedicated to him his *Epistle to Halifax*, a poem which marks a distinct advance on anything he had yet done. The Rev. Lancelot Addison died in 1702, shortly before his son's return from the continent.

The second period of Addison's literary career may be said to begin in 1704 with the writing of his poem, *The Campaign*, in celebration of the victory won at Blenheim by the English under the Duke of Marlborough, with their continental allies, over the French. It was a great victory, and worth celebrating, but just as Dryden used to complain of a victory over the French because it would occasion such a flood of bad verse, so the Tory ministry were disgusted with the poems which their writers produced about Blenheim, and turned to Halifax to introduce them to a real poet. Halifax had not forgotten Addison, and told the Tory ministers that if properly approached he might give a poem worthy of the victory. So Addison's poetical talents again paved the way to preferment for him. *The Campaign* was immediately successful. Everybody praised it, especially the simile in which Marlborough is compared to an angel directing a whirlwind.

"'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved.
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle how to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Soon after the publication of this poem Addison was given a place under the government, and he became in succession Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Under Secretary of State, and Secretary of State. He was a member of Parliament meanwhile, but never shone in debate. He sat for Lostwithiel, and afterwards for Malmesbury, from 1710 until his death. Occasionally he was out of office, always to the benefit of his literary fame, for he used his spare time to take up his pen. Two works only in this second literary period demand notice. His *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, a result of his recent journey, a graceful but rather commonplace book, and his *Rosamond*, an opera, the heroine of which is Fair Rosamond, the famous favorite of King Henry II; but the opera failed, partly because it was set to poor music and partly because it was dramatically weak.

Addison's third literary period may be said to extend from 1709 to his death. It is upon the writings of this period that his fame rests. While Addison was Under Secretary at Dublin Steele began the publication of *The Tatler* Though it came out anonymously, Addison soon recognized Steele's hand from his use in the fifth paper of a simile which Addison himself had first called to Steele's attention. Soon he began sending communications across the Irish Channel, writing in all 60 papers out of the 271 which *The Tatler* contained. When, for various reasons, *The Tatler* was given up, Addison and Steele, after a short interval, began the publication of *The Spectator*, which came out every week day from the first of May, 1711, to December 6, 1712, 555 issues. Then on June 18, 1714, it was revived and ran as a tri-weekly to December 20, 1714, making a total of 635 papers. Addison wrote those which are signed C., L., I., or O., the initials of Clio, one of the nine muses, and perhaps some other papers, but the exact number is uncertain. The plan and purpose of the essays will appear as the student reads

them. They were immensely popular, circulating in large numbers in periodical form and also, later, as bound volumes. Between the two periods of *The Spectator*, Steele, with Addison's help, brought out *The Guardian*, which began March 12, 1713, and ran daily until October 1, 175 numbers, of which Addison wrote 53. It was not nearly so brilliant or so successful as *The Spectator*. Later Addison wrote *The Freeholder*, a political and satirical periodical, begun December 23, 1715, and discontinued June 9, 1716, which contributes little to his fame, though it contains a fine character sketch of Lord Somers and the famous figure of the Tory fox-hunter.

In the interval between the two *Spectators* Addison found time to finish his tragedy, *Cato*, begun years before. It was elaborately staged and had a remarkable run at the Drury Lane Theatre in the spring of 1713. Both Whigs and Tories united in giving it praise, and it undoubtedly added greatly to its author's fame as a literary man. While it is no longer acted, it is still read to a moderate degree, and many of its phrases have passed into the current coin of popular quotation, as a glance at any dictionary of quotations will readily show. One other play completes the tale of Addison's dramatic ventures. It is *The Drummer*, produced in 1715, and coldly received. Its dramatic power is small, and, though it has traces of Addison's humor, it does not add anything to his fame. During the rest of his life his writings were chiefly political and need not concern us here.

In 1715 occurred, too, Addison's quarrel with Pope, "the Wasp of Twickenham," as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu called him. Opinions differ as to the merits of the quarrel, but Macaulay and Courthope both take Addison's side (see Bibliography, p. ix). It may not be out of place to quote here a part of Pope's satire on Addison under the name of Atticus, which may be found in Pope's works under the title *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:*

> "Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
> True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
> Blest with each talent and each art to please,

And born to write, converse, and live at ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Who when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of both, but likes the worst the best;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like 'Cato,' give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

In 1716 Addison married the dowager Countess of Warwick. She was reputed to be a comely widow whose mature charms had long captivated Addison. The courtship was long and the lover's hopes were long deferred, but at length, as political preferment came to his aid and as his fortune became considerable, the widow yielded. One of Addison's brothers left him a considerable sum, he had made much money by his pen and by his offices, so that he was comfortably well off. He had bought an estate in Warwickshire, but after the wedding he seems to have lived most of the time at Holland House, the London home of the Countess. There are rumors that the union was not a happy one, but these are uncertain; Addison himself gave no sign. One child, a daughter, was born to them. She lived to an advanced age but died unmarried. It was soon after his marriage to the Countess that Addison came to be Secretary of State, an office which he held for nearly a year, but was obliged to resign because of the encroachments

of the asthma, a disease which finally caused his death on the 17th of June, 1719, at the age of forty-seven.

The honor of a burial in Westminster Abbey was accorded Addison, where some time after a monument to his memory was placed in the Poets' Corner by his admirers. He did not need this honor, for his true monument is in his writings and in his influence. His writings, especially his contributions to *The Spectator*, seem to be secure in the roll of great works. Everybody reads him, and, with scarcely an exception, enjoys him and profits by him, both in style and in character. Courthope calls him the "Chief Architect of Public Opinion in the Eighteenth Century." Dr. Johnson, not given to praise overmuch, says: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." It is well known that our own Benjamin Franklin formed his clear style by reading *The Spectator* and then trying to reproduce the thought in Addison's style. He says:

"About this time I met with an old volume of *The Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers and, making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again. . . . I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts."

Macaulay, prejudiced, it is true, in favor of Addison, and yet representative of a large body of opinion in England and America, ends his famous *Essay on Addison* with these words, alluding to the monument in Westminster Abbey: "Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist who alone knew how

to use ridicule without abusing it; who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism."

II.—THE LIFE OF RICHARD STEELE

Richard Steele, like Jonathan Swift, was an Englishman born in Ireland. Though most of his life was spent in England, the Irish environment of his early days may have accounted for the keenness of his humor and the buoyancy of his temperament. He was born in Dublin, the 12th of March, 1672, and so was by six weeks the senior of Addison. Both his father and his mother died when he was a small boy, and he passed under the care of an uncle who took charge of him until he was old enough to enter the famous Charterhouse School. This was in 1684, and two years later Addison joined him, beginning a friendship which, barring a slight interruption, was life-long. We know nothing of Steele's school-days, but Thackeray, in his *English Humorists*, judging that Dick Steele the boy must have been father to Dick Steele the man, has given us a delightfully imaginative picture of what he must have been like in the Charterhouse days. He says:

"Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory, engagements with the neighboring lollipop venders and piemen; exhibited an early fondness and capacity for drinking mum and sack; and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend."

Thackeray also gives a vivid picture of the way Richard Steele looked up to Joseph Addison, the head boy, but as Steele was by two years Addison's senior at Charterhouse all that must be taken with a grain of salt.

If Steele preceded Addison at Charterhouse, he did not at Oxford, for he was three years later than his friend in matriculating at Oxford and he chose a different college, Christ Church.

Here he stayed for four years but left without taking a degree, enlisting as a private in the Horse Guards because he loved change and variety, or, as he himself said, "preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune." We have few glimpses of his college life. He seems to have been happy at Oxford and to have given some evidence of literary tastes. The army did not hold Steele for long, though he rose to be a captain. If he saw any active service he never told of it, so it is more than probable that our soldier never went into battle. Indeed he owed what promotions he gained in the army to his pen rather than to his sword. On the death of Queen Mary he wrote a poem in the Queen's honor and dedicated it to Lord Cutts, praising his ability as a poet, and signing himself "your most passionate admirer and most devoted humble servant." This won for him a commission as ensign in the Coldstream Guards, which Lord Cutts commanded.

Life in the army in those days was full of temptations and pitfalls, to some of which Steele yielded and into some of which he fell. He chose a unique way of protecting himself from temptation; he wrote a book called *The Christian Hero*, setting forth the ideal path in which he ought to walk, in the hope that the presence of the ideal in book form might have a compelling force with him. Whether it did or not is at least doubtful, but whatever Steele's private life may have been, his pen was always enlisted on the side of virtue. The same year, 1701, which saw the publication of *The Christian Hero* saw also the production of a drama called *The Funeral*, which had a distinct moral purpose. In those days the theatre was notoriously corrupt, even such a great man as Dryden yielding at times to the general atmosphere of corruption, but Steele's dramas were all pure and bright. I say dramas, for *The Funeral* was followed by others with such titles as *The Lying Lover, or the Ladies' Friendship*, which Steele says was "damned for its piety," *The Tender Husband*, and *The Conscious Lovers*.

Steele was twice married. In 1705, the year of *The Tender Husband*, he married Mrs. Margaret Stretch, who died about a year later, leaving her husband a considerable property, and in September, 1707, he married Miss Mary Scurlock with whom

he lived happily until his death in 1718. Lady Steele also brought her husband a comfortable fortune, and with his income from his writings, and his salary, he should have been exceedingly well to do, but, alas, Steele was always improvident, always in debt, yet nearly always happy. Many of his letters to his wife are extant, which give delightful glimpses of the writer as an ardent lover, a congenial friend, and a confirmed spendthrift. At one time he writes:

"Saturday Night (*Aug.* 30, 1707).

Dear Lovely Mrs. Scurlock.—I have been in very good company where your health, under the character of *the woman I loved best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say that I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than I die for you.

Rich. Steele."

Soon after their marriage he begins writing notes to excuse himself for staying out late at night with convivial friends, and before very long he writes from retreats where he has fled from his creditors, asking for clean linen, his night-gown, and slippers. Again he sends his wife a little money, but always he is the lover, ardent and devoted, though often careless in his treatment of her. He had at first a town-house and a country-house near Hampton Court, but informalities about the payment of rent led to many removals, and so his family affairs were often involved in confusion.

In 1706 Steele left the army and in 1707 he was made Gazetteer at a salary of £300. As Gazetteer it was his business to edit and publish such of the despatches of the British diplomatic corps as the government saw fit to make public. The journal in which this official information was printed was called *The Gazette*. Having thus first-hand acquaintance with foreign news in its most authentic form, Steele formed the plan of issuing a journal which should publish some of this news, and besides make a running commentary on men and things, and give from time to time a little essay on some matter of general interest. So on April 12, 1709, he began *The Tatler*, a paper which came out three times a week until January 2, 1711.

After the first few issues Steele called in friends to his aid, so that the paper, like *The Spectator*, was of composite authorship. *The Tatler* was issued anonymously but Steele's identity was soon disclosed. We have already seen how Addison discovered his friend's hand. Before very long the public was initiated into the secret too, and Steele's fame became considerable. *The Tatler* was exceedingly popular and had a large circulation for those days. It was clever, readable, and clean, but, best of all, it gave Addison and Steele an opportunity to try their powers and to make them competent to issue the more ambitious *Spectator*.

Two months after *The Tatler* became silent Steele joined his friend Addison in the publication of *The Spectator*, as we have already seen. While Addison's hand was most important in the writing of that paper, Steele's share was not inconsiderable. He first sketched Sir Roger de Coverley and many of the best papers are his. At least 236 of *The Spectator* papers are from his hand, and we could ill spare the humor, the pathos, and the exemplary morality of the gallant Irish knight.

Steele lost his gazetteership before *The Tatler* came to an end, but in 1710 he was made a Commissioner of Stamps and in 1713 was elected to Parliament from Stockbridge. Always a Whig, Steele carried his partisanship to such lengths that he was expelled from Parliament for a powerful attack which he made on the Tory government in a pamphlet called *The Crisis*. The death of Queen Anne and the accession of King George I brought the Whigs again into power, and Steele was not forgotten. He was given a share of the receipts of Drury Lane Theatre, which was then a government enterprise, was again elected to Parliament, and was knighted by George I in 1715. Meanwhile his pen was not idle, though it was scarcely adding to his fame. He was editor or joint editor of a number of publications, almost all political. We shall have to be content with the names only of this list: *The Guardian*, *The Englishman*, *The Lover*, *The Reader*, *The Englishman* again, and *The Plebeian*. These are now read only by the curious, and none of them repeated the success either of *The Tatler* or *The Spectator*.

Steele's latter years were sad and quiet ones. During the last year of Addison's life he had a quarrel with that life-long friend, a quarrel which was partly political and partly financial. The friends found themselves on opposite sides of a political question, and Steele imagined that Addison was poking fun at him. Then Addison pressed for the return of some money which he had lent Steele, and again the latter felt hurt. Addison was probably in the right in both matters, and after his death no one was louder in his praise or more loyal in his devotion than Steele. It is a thousand pities that any cloud came over the long sunshine of the friendship of these two men, each of whom owed so much to the other, and whose names will always be associated. In 1726 Steele retired to a little estate in Wales which had been his second wife's, and there died in 1729, ten years after Addison, at the age of fifty-seven. Thackeray says of him: "Poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented, and loved and suffered, and lived and died, scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness."

III.—THE LIFE OF EUSTACE BUDGELL

Eustace Budgell, like Addison and Steele, was an Oxford man. He was the son of Dr. Gilbert Budgell and was born at St. Thomas, near Exeter, in 1685. Addison was first cousin to his mother. He was a student at Christ Church, Oxford, and later a student of law at the Inner Temple, London, so that he very likely stands as the original of the Templar in the Spectator's Club. Addison took him to Ireland as private secretary in 1708, and while there he sent over some contributions to *The Tatler* which showed considerable literary ability. Later, as a contributor to *The Spectator*, he developed his talent still further. The interested student will do well to compare the papers by him in this book with those by Addison and Steele. As long as he remained under Addison's protection he seems to

have been a decent man, who held with credit a number of important offices, chiefly in Ireland. But when Addison went to London Budgell quarrelled violently with his superiors and became so abusive that he lost all his offices. After Addison's death he went from bad to worse. In 1720 he is said to have lost £20,000, almost all his fortune, in the famous South Sea Bubble. The next year he spent £5,000, the rest of his fortune, in an unsuccessful attempt to get into Parliament, and after that time supported himself as a hack-writer and editor of scurrilous publications which attacked everything and everybody. He is said to have forged the will of Dr. Matthew Tindal, but the forgery, if such it was, did him no good, for the document was set aside by the courts, and Pope pilloried him in the famous couplet in the *Prologue* to his *Satires:*

> "Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
> And write whate'er he please, except his will."

In 1736 he left on his desk the pencilled line, "What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong," loaded his pockets with stones, and jumped into the Thames from a boat near London Bridge, a melancholy example of wasted and misdirected talents.

IV.—THE AGE OF "THE SPECTATOR"

HISTORY

THE SPECTATOR was published during the reign of Queen Anne, who sat on the throne of England between 1702 and 1714. Anne was the last sovereign of the Stuart line which had come in with James I in 1603, so that it lasted a little over a century. It cannot be said that any one of the Stuarts had a genius for ruling: on the contrary, almost every one of them got into trouble with his parliaments or with his people. Charles I lost his head in 1649, and there followed eleven years in which England was without a king. But the country did not take kindly to the republicanism of Cromwell and the Puritans,

which was, in its way, as great a despotism as that which it displaced, so that when Charles II came to the throne in 1660, he was welcomed wildly, and the country gave itself over to extravagances in life and morals which lasted well into the next century. Charles II left no children of his own to inherit the throne, so he was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, who reigned unhappily as James II for less than four years. It seemed to be the great ambition of James II to make England a Roman Catholic country, but against this wish of his he found the nation practically a unit; so much so that when in 1688 a son was born to him, the nation repudiated both father and son, sent them out of the country, and invited in their stead William of Orange and his wife Mary, who was James II's older daughter, to reign as joint sovereigns. James II and his son, called later the Old Pretender, withdrew to France, where Louis XIV gave them asylum and tried in various ways to force them back upon the English people, but all in vain. There was in England a considerable party which favored the claims of James to the throne; these were the Jacobites.

Queen Mary died in 1694, but William III reigned until 1702, when, at his death, he was succeeded by Anne, the younger daughter of James II, but a Protestant, as all sovereigns of England must be. On the whole hers was one of the most brilliant reigns in the history of England. The foreign wars of the period were for the most part successful, and brought great renown to English soldiers and the English name, and the literature, while not rising to the heights of Shakespeare and Milton, was yet of such character as would add lustre to any age. It was the age not only of Addison and Steele, but of Swift, Pope, Defoe, and Prior. English prose was being developed into the efficient vehicle we find it. The novel was beginning. It was a fortunate age for writers. Pope and Addison made large additions to their fortunes by their pens. In fact Queen Anne's reign was of such a character as to win for her the title, the Good. The people were fond of Good Queen Anne, and were heartily sorry that none of her children lived to succeed their mother on the throne of England.

During the years following the deposition of James II, his

friend Louis XIV of France was scheming to put him or his son back on the throne of England, and so make that country at once Roman Catholic and French. So England was constantly on her guard against French intrigues. When the Spanish king died without issue in 1700, Louis XIV is reported to have said, as he nominated his grandson, Philip, the Duke of Anjou, to the Spanish throne, "The Pyrenees are no more." France was already the strongest nation of Europe, and the Protestant countries were thoroughly alarmed as to what she might do if Spain were joined with her. So a Protestant alliance was formed to fight the French. The war which followed was called the War of the Spanish Succession, because its ostensible object was to prevent Philip from taking the crown of Spain, and to put in his place the Archduke Charles. England was joined by Holland, Savoy, Portugal, and several German states, while some German states ranged themselves on the side of France, and the war began which was to last until the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. It was to bring undying fame to the Duke of Marlborough, the English general, and to Prince Eugene of Savoy. In the great battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde Marlborough humbled the power of France and gave England the important place in European politics which she has held ever since. Philip was, to be sure, left on the throne of Spain, but anything like a close union of France and Spain was prevented. In the New World England gained the Hudson Bay Territory, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia.

The Revolution of 1688 was a Whig revolution, for the Whigs were in favor of restricting the power of the sovereign and of increasing that of the Parliament. So the War of the Spanish Succession was a Whig war, though the Tories were obliged to yield it something of their support. Marlborough was at first a Tory, but during the course of the war he went over to the Whig side, and had large influence over Queen Anne through his brilliant and capable wife, Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, whose friendship for the Queen was highly important in deciding questions of public policy. With the coming into power of the Whigs the way to political prefer-

ment lay open for Addison and Steele, as we have seen in the biographical sketches. From 1710 to 1714, however, the Tories were back in power. Addison was out of office, and we are glad he was, for he had leisure to give to the editorship of *The Spectator*.

It was during the reign of Good Queen Anne that a parliamentary union was concluded between England and Scotland. Since 1603 the two countries had had the same sovereign, but their parliaments had been distinct; in 1707 successful negotiations were completed for a union of the legislative bodies of the two nations. Scotland was given one-twelfth as many representatives as England both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords. The flag of the United Kingdom, which then received the name of Great Britain, was made by placing together the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, the patron saints, respectively, of England and Scotland. One hundred years later, when Ireland was joined to Great Britain, the red cross of St. Patrick was laid upon the white cross of St. Andrew.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS

The England of Addison's time had a population of from five to seven millions, about what New York State or the city of London has to-day. London then overshadowed the rest of the country, just as it does now, and was England to all practical purposes. The great manufacturing towns of the north and west had not yet arisen, so that the south and east were then the most influential parts of the land. Sir Roger de Coverley's seat, we are told, was in Worcestershire, a county lying in the rich agricultural region in the west of England in the valley of the Severn. In the country most of the land was in possession of great proprietors who were virtually monarchs over their several realms. They lived in comparative state in their halls, and passed their days in administering their properties, in acting as justices, and in hunting. They drank heavily, read little, ate much, and exercised a hospitality which was free to all of their own class. Occasionally they went up to London, but the dreadful state of the roads and the multi-

tude of highwaymen were not conducive to much travelling, so for the most part they stayed at home. (*The Spectator* gives us in Sir Roger a picture of what the country squires might well be rather than what they really were.) The property of these landed proprietors, owing to the English law of entail, usually descended unbroken to the next of kin. The problem of what to do with the younger sons is handled skilfully by Addison in his paper on *Will Wimble*. The relation of the squire to his tenants, to his chaplain, and to the administration of justice is exceedingly well treated in the essays printed in this book, and so needs only to have the attention of the student called to it.

Life in London was more complicated and perhaps more interesting than life in the country. The city itself, while the largest in the kingdom, had perhaps a quarter of a million people only, but it was the capital of the country in every sense except the educational: it had no university. The two great universities of England then, as now, were Oxford and Cambridge. Practically all the influential men of the age had been trained at one or the other of these seats of learning, if indeed they were not Irishmen from Trinity College, like Swift, or Scotchmen from Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, or Aberdeen, the Scotch universities. In its older streets London was still a mediæval town. Roadways were narrow and poorly paved. The streets were dirty and pestilences were common. Many men of Addison's time could remember the Great Plague. On his first visit to London, not long after Addison's death, Benjamin Franklin found the streets so filthy that he proposed a novel plan for cleaning them: the gutter was to be placed in the middle so that the rain or artificial flushing would gather all the dirt there, where it could easily be carried away. At night, or in the thick fog which occasionally enveloped the city, every progress through the poorly lighted streets was an adventure indeed. Linkboys with torches drove a thrifty trade in piloting travellers through the inky darkness. Night travel was further complicated by the footpads and robbers whom the inadequate police service of the time seemed unable to control, and a needless horror was added to timid souls

by the work of bands of young desperadoes in disguise who waylaid respectable citizens and rolled old women down hill in barrels, or did other equally pleasant feats for their own amusement. These bands often took the dress of North American Indians, and named themselves Mohawks, or Mohocks, in direct compliment to the fiercest tribe of forest warriors of which they had knowledge. Addison's step-son, the Earl of Warwick, is said to have been a member of one band of Mohocks. Macaulay says: "The great wit and scholar tried to allure the young Lord from the fashionable amusements of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill to the study of letters and the practice of virtue."

All over London were scattered coffee-houses which were features of the times. These were public-houses where every one was welcome who had the price of a cup of coffee, and that was usually only a penny. They were a cross between a club and the modern saloon, though usually entirely respectable. Here the men of London gathered, each group in its own house. Here you could meet men of your own way of life. If you were a merchant you went to Jonathan's; if you were a disciple of Dryden you went to Will's and found your great master there. Later on Addison set up his court at Button's, gathering about him his little senate to which he gave his laws, as Pope said. The Whig politicians met at the St. James, the Tories at the Chocolate House or the Cocoa Tree, as it was sometimes called. Both *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* may be said to have been born in the coffee-houses of London, for a great deal of their peculiar atmosphere they gained from the talk of the editors and their friends around the steaming cups of coffee at their favorite resorts.

If one is to gain the best possible picture of social conditions in England in the reign of Queen Anne the place to gain it is in *The Spectator*. If we had only this book as an authority we should still be able to form a good idea of that age. We should know something of life in the country: the difficulties of travelling, the life in hall and hut, the popular belief in witches, the state of the church, the violence of party preju-

dice; and we should understand city life pretty well too—its pleasures and its work, the problems of the professional man and of the merchant, the life of the street and of the drawing-room, the coffee-houses and the clubs, the theatres and the summer gardens, the exchange and the river. It is a world in miniature to which Mr. Spectator admits us, a wholesome world, and one which it is good to know.

V.—"THE SPECTATOR" AS THE FORERUNNER OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

In his *Essay on Addison* Macaulay says: "The narrative which connects together *The Spectator's* essays gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure." He means that up to that time "no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared." Of course there had been prose fiction in England before Sir Roger de Coverley came on the scene; men have told stories in all ages of the world, and English literature is rich in romance and story. In the ages before Shakespeare Englishmen had written stories, many of them good ones. Malory had produced his *Morte Darthur*, More had imagined his *Utopia*, Sir Philip Sidney had written *Arcadia*, and after Shakespeare had appeared the beautiful, lucid allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the work of John Bunyan, the inspired tinker. But nobody before the writers of *The Spectator* had set himself to the task of depicting in imagination the ordinary life and character of Englishmen. Of course, plot structure, as we now understand it, was lacking, or almost lacking, in the story of Sir Roger, but we are able to see the rudiments of it in the various adventures of the good old knight. The love element, so important in the modern novel, is also present, in a rudimentary way, in the story of Sir Roger's love affair with the perverse widow. When we come to the delineation of character we find it present in the most delightful fashion in *The Spectator*. Sir Roger himself, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, Hilpa, and Shalum take place easily in the great list

of names which our English novelists have added to our acquaintance. We feel that we know these people; they are as real to us as any characters in history. To have added these names to the roll of well-known persons is no small achievement for the authors of *The Spectator*.

The English may be pardoned for thinking that they, of all modern peoples, have done most with the novel as a work of art. When we think of Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, William Makepeace Thackeray, to say nothing of our American Nathaniel Hawthorne, we are led to the opinion that in the English language the novel has been made as competent a literary form as in any other literature. But the men who prepared the ground for all this splendid flowering of genius were Addison and Steele, as they poured out day by day from the perennial springs of genius within them, the stories which have delighted and helped so many generations of readers in the last two hundred years.

VI.—SUGGESTIONS FOR THE TEACHER

Perhaps it is an impertinence to give suggestions to teachers, but the following are offered humbly in the thought that every good teacher can learn, even when it is in the way of "how not to do it."

My first suggestion is, Familiarize yourself with *The Spectator*. If you cannot get a complete copy, the volume of selections edited by John Richard Green is perhaps the best, though any selection can hardly go far wrong. If you are full of *The Spectator* your class can hardly fail to catch something of your enthusiasm. Then, as you have time, read largely in the history, the literature, and the life of the age in which *The Spectator* was born. Any good library will furnish a part at least of the books given in the bibliography on page ix, but if you are remote from a library get, by hook or by crook, to the reading of *Henry Esmond*, Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*, and Thackeray's lectures on Addison, Steele, and Swift in *English Humorists*.

Second. Realize that these papers were written by men who

were intensely alive, whose veins were full of red blood, and so seek to find their secret in an abounding love of life. Don't use them as a sort of dry drill material which every right-minded pupil will hate ever afterward with a deadly and righteous hatred. Do your best to breathe into your handling of them some portion of the breath of life. If the student can be brought to read them, and to read them with pleasure, the battle has been won, and anything else you want to do will be easy. You may even follow Franklin's example and get your pupils to imitate *The Spectator's* style, though it is better for them to have styles of their own. They will be interested after a time in writing imaginary accounts of Sir Roger under modern conditions. The editor has in a scrap-book a paper written by a college student thirty years ago which purports to describe a visit which Sir Roger made to an agricultural college (a Soil Cultivators' Retreat) and sparkles with a humor at least suggesting Addison.

Third. Many students can be led with a little judicious guiding to study the age which produced *The Spectator*. The history of this time is full of interest. The great campaigns of Marlborough, the splendid victories in Spain, the part which North America took in the struggle, the emergence of Sweden and Russia, are hints of what may be done. Then the great men of the period will repay study. Who were they and what did they accomplish? The customs of the day, especially those touched upon in *The Spectator*, open up another fascinating avenue of research. The coffee-houses, the drama, gypsies, witchcraft, the church, and many others suggest themselves as worthy of research. How were boys in that period educated? How did authors fare? What were the political parties of the day and how did they differ? Indeed, there is scarcely an end to the things which may be done as one studies *The Spectator*.

Fourth. Interest may be increased at the beginning by varying the order in which the papers are read. Get early into some of the lighter narratives, and let the heavier papers wait until the student's appetite has been whetted with Will Wimble, Moll White, a Country Sunday, and a Visit to the Gypsies. My colleague, Miss A. W. Ward, has made this analysis of the Sir Roger papers, which may be found useful:

Introduction, Papers 1, 2, 4.
Country Home Life, 6, 7, 9, 14, 15, 20.
Sir Roger's Friends, 8, 13.
Sir Roger's Neighbors, 16, 21, 24.
Sir Roger in Love, 12, 17, 29.
Sir Roger's Philosophy, 3, 18, 19.
Politics, 22, 23, 27.
Sir Roger in London, 25, 26, 28, 29.
Sir Roger and Fashionable Life, 30, 31.
Death of Sir Roger, 32.

In answer to the question "What shall be done in the classroom?" let me say that variety is the spice of a lively classroom. Reading aloud is always good and practice in it is nearly always needed. Reports on outside reading are valuable if they are interesting and brief. Questions to bring out the story or the ideas of the essay I have found suggestive. I give a sample set of questions on Paper VIII of this book. These questions or topics may be used either for oral or for written composition. Sometimes one may use them as topics for short themes to be written on the blackboard at the beginning of a recitation, and read and criticised before the close.

TOPICS ON PAPER VIII

1. Explain: jack, Eton, may-fly, tulip-root, quail-pipe, physic.
2. Describe Will Wimble's letter.
3. Give Sir Roger's account of Will Wimble.
4. Describe the meeting between Sir Roger and Will Wimble.
5. Give an account of their dinner.
6. What is satirized in this paper?
7. What particularly interested Mr. Spectator in Will Wimble?

VII.—SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDENT

If you will read *The Spectator*, and learn something about the men and the age which produced it, the purpose of this little book will be fulfilled. Perhaps the finest accomplishments in the world are to know how to read and to love good books.

For two hundred years men have been reading *The Spectator* and have been calling it a good book. If you don't find it interesting at first, persevere until you have read at least ten of the papers, and as you read try to find out why men have come to the conclusion after all these years that this is good literature.

These papers afford you an opportunity to add considerably both to your knowledge and to your culture. The age of Queen Anne was one of the great ages in English history and in English literature. Find out something about it and broaden out your sympathies by the knowledge. Be alert in your reading and let nothing escape you. The dictionary, the notes to this edition, and the books mentioned in the bibliography will answer most of the questions which the reading of the text will raise. One of the wisest men I know said to me years ago that it was his practice never to let a word or an allusion escape him. He has his reward in a head professorship in one of the great universities.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SPECTATOR

SELECTIONS FROM THE SPECTATOR

I

THE SPECTATOR

[*Spectator No.* 1. *Thursday, March* 1, 1711. *Addison.*]

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
—HORACE

["One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles."
—ROSCOMMON.]

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history. I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that my mother dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge:

whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my school-master, who used to say *that my parts were solid and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place

of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but *The Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the Inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay-Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a SPECTATOR of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of an husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilites of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity: and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do

it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made, should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can in any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but, as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets, though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters *To the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain.* For I must further acquaint the reader that, though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

C.

II

THE CLUB

[*Spectator No.* 2. *Friday, March* 2, 1711. *Steele.*]

——Ast alii sex,
Et plures, uno conclamant ore.
—JUVENAL.
["Six more, at least, join their consenting voice."]

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than

truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses

through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who

is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself,—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it, "For," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him"; therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform

you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabell, the rogue, cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always

treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

R.

III

SIR ROGER ON MEN OF FINE PARTS

[*Spectator No.* 6. *Wednesday, March* 7, 1711. *Steele.*]

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat ——.
—JUVENAL.

["'Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appeared."]

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason, Sir Roger was saying last night that he was of opinion that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of

friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion, and while he has a warm fire, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped.

"Every man who terminates his satisfaction and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is," says Sir Roger, "in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. But," continued he, "for the loss of public and private virtue we are beholden to your men of fine parts, forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man in the most shining circumstance and equipage appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding: without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking; he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at," says he, "is to represent that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings and neglect our manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man."

This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the

application of them. By this means it becomes a rule not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue: "It is a mighty dishonor and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem "to rescue the Muses, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humor another. To follow the dictates of these two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable, or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce

a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular spaces assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked toward the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it."

R.

IV

A MEETING OF THE CLUB

[*Spectator No.* 34. *Monday, April* 9, 1711. *Addison.*]

——Parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera——.
—JUVENAL.

["From spotted skins the leopard does refrain."—TATE.]

THE club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction

to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies ("But for your comfort," says Will, "they are not those of the most wit") that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the City, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added that the whole City thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew "that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the City had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign." He then shewed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons

of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a "Pish!" and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator" (applying himself to me), "to take care how you meddle with country squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the club, and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised. That it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterward proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with

cheerfulness, and assured me that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid and ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right, and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the City with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain—who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolution to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in City, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said; for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind. C.

V

LEONORA'S LIBRARY

[*Spectator No.* 37. *Thursday, April* 12, 1711. *Addison.*]

——Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Femineas assueta manus——.
—VERGIL.
["Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled."—DRYDEN.]

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of *a lady's library* gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest stroke of sculpture and stained with the greatest variety of dyes.

That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china-ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which

were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know, at first, whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library.

Upon looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use; but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogilby's *Virgil.*

Dryden's *Juvenal.*

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke, *On the Human Understanding;* with a paper of patches in it.

A spelling-book.

A dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock Upon Death.

The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's *Essays.*

Father Malebranche's *Search after Truth;* translated into English.

A book of novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

The Ladies' Calling.

Tales in Verse, by Mr. D'Urfey; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the classic authors in wood.

A set of Elzevirs by the same hand.

Clelia; which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's *Chronicle*.
Advice to a Daughter.
The New Atalantis, with a key to it.
Mr. Steele's *Christian Hero*.
A prayer-book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.
Dr. Sacheverell's *Speech*.
Fielding's *Trial*.
Seneca's *Morals*.
Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*.
La Ferte's *Instructions for Country Dances*.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and, upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health; I answered "Yes," for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy and falls asleep that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure and without scandal.

As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into arti-

ficial grottoes covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of the Purling Stream.

The knight likewise tells me that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country. "Not," says Sir Roger, "that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants as upon her larks and nightingales; for she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year."

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion. What improvements would a woman have made who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

C.

VI

THE SPECTATOR'S VISIT TO COVERLEY HALL

[*Spectator No.* 106. *Monday, July* 2, 1711. *Addison.*]

——Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
—HORACE.

["Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour
Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,
Rich honors of the quiet plain."]

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy

that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist, and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer, told me that he

was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his, at the University, to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it; I have given him the parsonage of the parish, and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery as

well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

L.

VII

THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD

[*Spectator No.* 107. *Tuesday, July* 3, 1711. *Steele.*]

> Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
> Servumque collocârunt aeterna in basi,
> Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.
> —PHÆDRUS.

["The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal: to show that the way to honor lies open indifferently to all."]

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual, in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here, they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This

makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favors rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants; he has ever been of opinion that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life,—I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when

a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependants, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it, as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead,

but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love toward the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend, Sir Roger; and, looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

R.

VIII

WILL WIMBLE

[*Spectator No.* 108. *Wednesday, July* 4, 1711. *Addison.*]

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
—Phædrus.

["Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing."]

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered him a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him:—

"Sir Roger,—

"I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with

you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter and message that accompanied it made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows: Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty, but, being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man; he makes a may-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring as often as he meets them, *how they wear*. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through

them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild-fowl that came afterward furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion toward the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a

great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that, finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written, with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

L.

IX

THE COVERLEY ANCESTRY

[*Spectator No.* 109. *Thursday, July* 5, 1711. *Steele.*]

Abnormis sapiens.
—Horace.
["Of plain good sense, untutored in the schools."]

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing toward me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced toward one of the pictures and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his

blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus, the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller and a foot and a half broader; besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard, which is now a common street before Whitehall. You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot: he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and, with a gentle trot, he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat, for they were rivals, and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action of the Tilt Yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is

gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife; she brought ten children, and, when I show you the library, you shall see, in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language), the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view, these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there; observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate, with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds' debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid

of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man" (pointing to him I looked at) "I take to be the honor of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was, in his dealings, as punctual as a tradesman and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded, though he had great talents, to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that *great* and *good* had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity. R.

X

THE COVERLEY GHOST

[*Spectator No.* 110. *Friday, July* 6, 1711. *Addison.*]

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.
—VERGIL.

["All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night."—DRYDEN.]

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of His whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way, with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night, between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such

an echo among the old ruins and vaults that, if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet, let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterward bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in the solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that is apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced

to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies one after another, and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other, whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words:—

"Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was

brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming toward her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner:—

"'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third? . . . However, for the sake of our past loves I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine forever.'

"Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

"I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of divine providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue." L.

XI

A COUNTRY SUNDAY

[*Spectator No.* 112. *Monday, July* 9, 1711. *Addison.*]

'Αθανάτους μὲν πρωτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα.—

—Pythagoras.

["First in obedience to thy country's rites
Worship the immortal gods."]

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of

for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the Singing-Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four

times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger had been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made

all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it. L.

XII

SIR ROGER IN LOVE

[*Spectator No.* 113. *Tuesday, July* 10, 1711. *Steele.*]

——Hærent infixi pectore vultus.
—Vergil.
["Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart."]

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth: which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest

hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man, who did not think ill of his own person, in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows, as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for destruction of all who behold her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and

bore the whispers of all around the court with such pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and, knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous that, when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps toward love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but, upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted and taught to throw their legs well and move all to-

gether, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that, if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came toward her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and, upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance

from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature— But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently; her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him toward the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that passage of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, "*Dum tacet hanc loquitur.*" I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition:

"Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Naevia Rufo;
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cenat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit—una est
Naevia; si non sit Naevia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternâ patri cum luce salutem,
'Naevia lux,' inquit, 'Naevia lumen, ave.'"

"Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Naevia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Naevia, or be mute;
He writ to his father, ending with this line,—
'I am, my lovely Naevia, ever thine.'"

R.

XIII

THE SHAME AND DREAD OF POVERTY

[*Spectator No.* 114. *Wednesday, July* 11, 1711. *Steele.*]

—Paupertatis pudor et fuga——.
—HORACE.

[—"The dread of nothing more
Than to be thought necessitous and poor."—POOLY.]

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behavior in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him; and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others, I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he advanced toward being fuddled, his humor grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind than any dislike he had taken at the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer

hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty, but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonor. Yet, if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error—if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are—when the contrary behavior would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet, if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then, Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbors, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are

their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his laborers, and be himself a laborer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it; but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of nature when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's "great vulgar," is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would, methinks, be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities.

This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armor against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct toward things below our consideration and unworthy our esteem.

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world; but, as I am now in a pleasing arbor, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am, at this present writing, philosopher enough to conclude, with Mr. Cowley:

"If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love!"

T.

XIV

BODILY EXERCISE

[*Spectator No.* 115. *Thursday, July* 12, 1711. *Addison.*]

——Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
—JUVENAL.
["Pray for a sound mind in a sound body."]

BODILY labor is of two kinds: either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labor for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labor as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labor, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and conse-

quently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes, interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labor is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labor or exercise ferments the humors, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapors to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can

be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase; and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunt-

ing; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Dr. Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of the *Medicina Gymnastica.*

For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition. It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties, and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

L.

XV

HUNTING WITH SIR ROGER

[*Spectator No.* 116. *Friday, July* 13, 1711. *Budgell.*]

—— Vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
Taygetique canes————.
—VERGIL.

["The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite."]

THOSE who have searched into human nature, observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterward, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in, and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season, and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighborhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity toward foxes, having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed, the knight does not scruple to own, among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out

of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed he endeavors to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility, but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

> "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew:
> Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouths, like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never hollaed to, nor cheered with horn."

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighborhood toward my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavored to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering "Yes," he immediately called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying "Stole away!"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forward, or, in hunter's language, "flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterward unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gayety of five-and-twenty. One of the sports-

men rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "in view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighboring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet, on the signal before mentioned, they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and, alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard, where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home I remembered that Monsieur Pascal, in his most excellent discourse on the "Misery of Man," tells us that all our endeavors after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterward goes on to show that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his

sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise,—I mean, the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself on this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time, is but one continued account of the behavior of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden:

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend."

X.

XVI

MOLL WHITE

[*Spectator No.* 117. *Saturday, July* 14, 1711. *Addison.*]

——Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.
—VERGIL.
["With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds."]

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary to a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and a crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely), I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of

at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

"In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red;
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seemed withered;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapped
The tattered remnants of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With diff'rent colored rags—black, red, white, yellow—
And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness."

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried "Amen" in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backward. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney-corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbor's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found, upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This

frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence toward those poor, decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage. L.

XVII

THE PERVERSE WIDOW

[*Spectator No.* 118. *Monday, July* 16, 1711. *Steele.*]

——Haeret lateri lethalis arundo.
—VERGIL.

["The fatal dart
Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart."—DRYDEN.]

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city, the charms of the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. "This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but, conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her, indeed, perverse, but, alas! why do I

call her so? Because her superior merit is such that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem; I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her; how often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me if it had not been for that watchful animal, her confidante.

"Of all persons under the sun" continued he, calling me by my name, "be sure to set a mark upon confidantes; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favorite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer, and think they are in a state of freedom while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that——"

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, "What, not one smile?" We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just

over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers." The huntsman, looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream: "O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature, whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied forever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with; but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William; her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again. Still do you hear me without one smile?—it is too much to bear." He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holliday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke of the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

"Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father; I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty, mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now

makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself; however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her; whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain. For I frequently find that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no; for all she looks so innocent, as it were, take my word for it she is no fool." T.

XVIII

MANNERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

[*Spectator No.* 119. *Tuesday, July* 17, 1711. *Addison.*]

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Meliboee, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostrae similem——.
—VERGIL.

["The city men call Rome, unskilful clown,
I thought resembled this our humble town."
—WARTON.]

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals. but behavior and good breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species, who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally, by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation was so encumbered with show and ceremony that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most where, to an ordinary eye, it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile that, sure, I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which related to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps

carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise; for which reason, as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another, conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse, uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding which reigns among the coxcombs of the town has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behavior and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behindhand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

L.

XIX

SIR ROGER'S POULTRY

[*Spectator No.* 120. *Wednesday, July* 18, 1711. *Addison.*]

——Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium———————————.
—VERGIL.

["——I deem their breasts inspired
With a divine sagacity."]

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation,—the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been. . . .

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out

proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable that the same temper of weather which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young? . . . For so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities. . . . This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection we find protection granted and favors bestowed are greater motives to love and tenderness than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear skeptical men disputing for the

reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species.

Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men, but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigor of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species, considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common-sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner;

she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover and the Divine Energy acting in the creatures. L.

XX

THE SPECTATOR'S PLEASANT DAY

[*Spectator No.* 122. *Friday, July* 20, 1711. *Addison.*]

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.
—Publius Syrus.
["An agreeable companion on the road is as good as a coach."]

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself but beloved and esteemed by all about

him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year, but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of

him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's

family; and, to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation to the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that much might be said on both sides.

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

L.

XXI

THE TRAINING OF AN HEIR

[*Spectator No.* 123. *Saturday, July* 21, 1711. *Addison.*]

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant;
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpae.
—HORACE.

["Yet the best blood by learning is refined,
And virtue arms the solid mind;
Whilst vice will stamp the noblest race,
And the paternal stamp efface."—OLDISWORTH.]

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored, ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lives not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that, if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who—either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary; or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics; or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education—are of no manner of use but

to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in *The Gazette* whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty—an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, "there is no dallying with life"—they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter;

but, to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children; namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the University to the

Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her, by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too,

shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns toward you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education. L.

XXII

ON PARTY SPIRIT

[*Spectator No.* 125. *Tuesday, July* 24, 1711. *Addison.*]

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires.
—VERGIL.

["This thirst of kindred blood, my sires, detest,
Nor turn your force against your country's breast."
—DRYDEN.]

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person

whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint! The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighborhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says, very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies;—"Because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your

friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality, which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object, answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor, insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight or entire it may be in itself. For this reason, there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man for a known, undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have never been proved, or have been often refuted, are the or-

dinary postulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and France by those who were for and against the League; but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good! What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honor and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are! Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the "love of their country." I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear. On the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridi-

cule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

C.

XXIII

PARTY PREJUDICE

[*Spectator No.* 126. *Wednesday, July* 25, 1711. *Addison.*]

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.
—VERGIL.

["Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me."—DRYDEN.]

IN my yesterday's paper, I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner:

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavors to persuade us to the contrary.

"We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places, and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present.

"We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that, upon any day of the year, shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes."

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavor to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion

and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites that are for promoting their own advantage under color of the public good; with all the profligate, immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders;—we should soon see that furious party spirit extinguished which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor in any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal, and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavored, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return

of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve toward one another an outward show of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and Tory fox-hunters, not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed, in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles; the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the moneyed interest. This humor is so moderate in each of them that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the innkeeper, and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations,—the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humor. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighboring market-town the other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week), I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much surprised that, not-

withstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But, upon inquiry, I found that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories, that he had picked up nobody knows where, of a certain great man, and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians toward one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions, and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children. C.

XXIV

GYPSIES

[*Spectator No.* 130. *Monday, July* 30, 1711. *Addison.*]

———— Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat praedas, et vivere rapto.
—Vergil.

["A plundering race, still eager to invade,
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade."

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him,

who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend, the butler, has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see, now and then, some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life; upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage"; and

at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night; my old friend cried "Pish!" and bid her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. "Ah, master," says the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing—." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be sure, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked,—that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle, profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago:—

"As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board.

"Upon talking with him afterward, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child, by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined toward the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it.

"Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate: the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given up for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages."

Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterward trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honor to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy.

C.

XXV

REASONS FOR LEAVING THE COUNTRY

[*Spectator No.* 131. *Tuesday, July* 31, 1711. *Addison.*]

—— Ipsae rursum concedite sylvae.
—Vergil.
["Once more, ye woods, adieu."]

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and, in town, to choose it. In the meantime, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my

name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various: some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and, some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood, is what they here call a "White Witch."

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously, when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer: and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a noise. It is true my friend Sir Roger tells them, *that it is my way*, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London tomorrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighborhood. A man that is out of hu-

mor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer; that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others, without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

"Dear Spec,—

I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us commonwealth's men.

"Dear Spec, thine eternally,

C. "Will Honeycomb."

XXVI

THE SPECTATOR'S RETURN TO LONDON

[*Spectator No.* 132. *Wednesday, Aug.* 1, 1711. *Steele.*]

Qui aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur. —TULLY.

["That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in."]

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county-town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow, her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed, by what he said of myself, that according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the

captain himself, according to a frequent though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity, and we had not moved above two miles when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character; you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town; we will wake this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the bridemaan, and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part, that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee that, if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee—it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to a great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say—if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but, if thou wert a man of understanding, thou

wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain, with an happy and uncommon impudence, which can be convicted and support itself at the same time, cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good

mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him; such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have toward each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

T.

XXVII

A DEBATE BETWEEN SIR ROGER AND SIR ANDREW

[*Spectator No.* 174. *Wednesday, Sept.* 19, 1711. *Steele.*]

Haec memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.
—VERGIL.

["The whole debate in memory I retain,
When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain."]

THERE is scarce anything more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety. And this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of Great Britain: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom

there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing that Carthaginian faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise; that "the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world, and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other,—the means to it are never regarded. They will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to obtain it by fraud or cozenage. And, indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is forever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expenses? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbors?"

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse by taking notice "in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbor to their own happiness. And on the other side, he who is the less at his ease, repines at the other who, he thinks, has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature: the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honor; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters or the way, in their respective motions."

"It is very well, good captain," interrupted Sir Andrew. "You may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must, however, have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir

Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit which have been erected by merchants since the Reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us—parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the households of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies. I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands; we might have been taught, perhaps, by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion from an old proverb to be out of humor with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that 'he has not kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps, among us would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking; but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy as, with gayer nations, to be failing in courage or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of everything that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, that 'little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book or balancing his accounts.' When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of

numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard—and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the custom to the Queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expenses, a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's enclosure, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious laborer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet it is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

"This is the economy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall and the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs; he would never have brought back so many fine horses

to the kennel; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such, too, had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted, at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverleys, or to claim his descent from the maid of honor. But 'tis very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. 'Tis the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence." T.

XXVIII

SIR ROGER IN LONDON

[*Spectator No.* 269. *Tuesday, January* 8, 17½. *Addison.*]

——Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas————.
—Ovid.

["Most rare is now our old simplicity."—Dryden.]

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave, elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend, Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggarman that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me, in his name, with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them, and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my

own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterward fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hog's-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas Day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist, Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think

Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place, where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor to the British nation.

He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's *Chronicle*, and other authors who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and *The Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humor that all the boys in the coffee-room, who seemed to take pleasure in serving him, were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea till the knight had got all his conveniences about him. L.

XXIX

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

[*Spectator No.* 329. *Tuesday, March* 18, 17$\frac{11}{12}$. *Addison.*]

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.
—HORACE.

["With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb."]

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's *Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport, since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man, whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being

at Dantzic. When, of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants. who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "And truly," said Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterward by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner:—"Dr. Busby—a great man! he whipped my grandfather—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Mo-

rocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family, and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterward Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head and told us there was fine reading in the casualties in that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

XXX

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

[*Spectator No.* 335. *Tuesday, March* 25, 1712. *Addison.*]

Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
—HORACE.

["Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue."—FRANCIS.]

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was *The Committee*, which I should not have gone to, neither, had I not been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks

should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight, with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what had become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to

myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterward to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him."

Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterward applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear toward Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

L.

XXXI

SIR ROGER AT SPRING GARDEN

[*Spectator No.* 383. *Tuesday, May* 20, 1712. *Addison.*]

Criminibus debent hortos——.

—JUVENAL.

["A beauteous garden, but by vice maintained."]

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud, cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking toward it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that had been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the

boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasons, we made the best of our way for Fox-hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire.

He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water: but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that if he were a Middlesex justice he would make such vagrants know that

her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingales!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating, ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy, upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer masks.

I.

XXXII

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

[*Spectator No.* 517. *Thursday, October* 23, 1712. *Addison.*]

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides !——.
—VERGIL.
["Alas for the charity! alas for the old-time faith."]

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead.* He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter without any alteration or diminution.

"*Honoured Sir,*

"Knowing that you was my old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman and her Fatherless Children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good Master was always

the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to Custom; and you know he used to take great Delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made love to the Forty last Years of his Life; but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother: He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frize-Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown Gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our Days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Mony to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two Years longer, Coverly Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried according to his own Directions, among the Family of the Coverly's, on the Left Hand of his Father, Sir Arthur The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the Quorum: The whole Parish follow'd the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-Hoods. Captain Sentry, my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-

House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and shews great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It would have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

"*Honoured Sir,*

"*Your most Sorrowful Servant,*

"EDWARD BISCUIT."

"*P. S.* My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his Name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club. O.

XXXIII

REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

[*Spectator No.* 26. *Friday, March* 30, 1711, *Addison.*]

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.—HORACE, I Odes, iv, 13.

["Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut."—A. C. COXE.]

WHEN I am in a very serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions which I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head. The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by "the path of an arrow" which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people

lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence; instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his coun-

try, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together. C.

XXXIV

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

[*Spectator No.* 69. *Saturday, May* 19, 1711. *Addison.*]

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvae:
Arborei foetus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabaei?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Centinuo has leges aeternaque faedera certis
Imposuit Natura locis.—VERGIL.

["This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits,
A fourth with grass unbidden decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crowned;
India black ebon and white ivory bears;
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears:
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far:
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
Epirus for th'Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is th'original contract; these the laws
Imposed by nature, and by nature's cause."—DRYDEN.]

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of

Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch, that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a peculiar care to disseminate the blessings among the different regions of the world with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine Islands give a

flavor to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren, uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances toward a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate: our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan; our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the Spice Islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that while we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire; it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them the accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves. C.

XXXV

THE CRIES OF LONDON

[*Spectator No.* 251. *Tuesday, Dec.* 18, 1711. *Addison.*]

——Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox.—VERGIL, Æneid, vi, 625.

[——"A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass inspired with iron lungs."—DRYDEN.]

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares, that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town.

On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying anything further of it.

"Sir:

"I am a man of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burthening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

"The post I would aim at is to be Comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

"The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street, for an hour together, with the twanking of a brass kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman's at midnight startles us in our beds as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sowgelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose that no instrument of this nature should be made use of which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her Majesty's liege subjects.

"Vocal cries are of a much greater extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city

to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold at a note above E-la, and it sounds so exceedingly shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses, or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of 'Much cry, but little wool.'

"Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived: but what was the effect of this contract? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers, which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

"It is another great imperfection in our London cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should, indeed, be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as 'fire': yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit, under this head, those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip season; and which are more inexcus-

able, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

"There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tunable than the former; the cooper, in particular, swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony: nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

"I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the picking of dill and cucumbers; but, alas, this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would, therefore, be worth while, to consider whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

"It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humorists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers have invented particular songs, and tunes of their own: such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-molly-puff; and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder Watt.

"I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious but altogether useless to the public; I mean that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our afffected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry that none but their acquaintance are able

to guess at their profession; for who else can know that 'Work if I had it' should be the signification of a corn-cutter.

"Forasmuch, therefore, as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets that have not tunable throats and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

"I am, Sir, etc.

"RALPH CROTCHET."

C.

XXXVI

THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF PUGG THE MONKEY

[*Spectator No.* 343. *Thursday, April* 3, 1712. *Addison.*]

——Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus: æque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster.—OVID.

[——"All things are altered: nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossessed,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast."—DRYDEN.]

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. "Sir Paul Rycaut," says he, "gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it as we should do here by ransoming

any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know," says Will, "the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you," says Will, "that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humor or his fortune, when he was one of us."

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he wrote a pretty epistle upon this hint. "Jack," says he, "was conducted into the parlor, where he diverted himself for some time with her favorite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length, observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

"The lady soon after coming into the parlor, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt," says Will, "whether it was writ by Jack or the monkey."

"MADAM,—

"Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant

me. I then begged, that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised on the word of a demon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblamably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

"I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honor for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

"Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods, under the shape of a jackal, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half-picked for my encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger that I died of it.

"In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step out of my house but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

"My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook

myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head; upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

"I was some years afterward, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard Street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

"I was afterward very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with greater diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in our neighborhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

"I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder a hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

"I might tell you of many other transmigrations I went through; how I was a town-rake, and afterward did penance in a bay horse for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes, I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes who would needs try his new gun upon me.

"But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and

danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time you have had me in a chain; I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kindnesses which I would have given the world for, when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favors to

"Your most devoted humble servant,

"PUGG.

"P. S.—I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way; for, as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like."

L.

XXXVII

THE LOVES OF SHALUM AND HILPA

[*Spectator No.* 584. *Monday, August* 23, 1714. *Addison.*]

Hic gellida fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.—VERGIL.

["Come see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground:
Here I could live, and love, and die, with only you."—DRYDEN.]

HILPA was one of the 150 daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of three score and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of Mount Tirzah, in

the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say, the planter, in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighboring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that, among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of Mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this very day, from his name who perished in it, the River Harpath, and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but 50 children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take

away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as his amusement; his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees that gradually shot up into groves, woods, forests, intermixed with walks and lawns and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the Flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of 70 autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments and plainness of manners which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time 180 years old, and Hilpa 170.

"*Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys.*

"*In the 788th Year of the Creation.*

"What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself

with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of Mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits and flowers and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is but the admiration of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbor in the mountains."

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian *billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

C.

XXXVIII

THE SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND HILPA

[*Spectator No.* 585. *Wednesday, August* 25, 1714. *Addison.*]

> Ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera jactant
> Intonsi montes: ipsae jam carmina rupes,
> Ipsae sonant arbusta.—VERGIL.
>
> ["The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice:
> The lowly shrubs partake of human voice."—DRYDEN.]

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner:—

"*Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys, to Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah.*

"*In the Year* 789 *of the Creation.*

"What have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praisest Hilpa's beauty, but art thou not secretly enamored with the

verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys than thou wouldst be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds and the bleatings of my flocks make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah; are these like the riches of the valley?

"I know thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone that I may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous."

The Chinese say, that a little time afterward she accepted of a treat in one of the neighboring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tun of milk; but what most of all recommended it was that variety of delicious fruits and potherbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of woodlands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay, there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the meantime Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon Mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favored the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach, having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place whatever it should cost him: and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar and of every sweet-smelling wood, which

reached above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals; the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

C.

XXXIX

THE VISION OF MIRZAH

[*Spectator No.* 159, *Saturday, September* 1, 1711.—*Addison.*]

> —Omnem, quae nunc obducta tueuti
> Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
> Caligat, nubem eripiam.—VERGIL. "Æneid" ii, 604.
>
> "The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
> Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
> I will remove."]

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes

that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirzah,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies, follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten

arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me, further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of baubles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with lancets, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions, that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every

moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

The end of the First Vision of Mirzah.

C.

NOTES

I.—THE SPECTATOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

The Mottoes.—The mottoes, usually in Latin, sometimes in Greek, which stand at the head of these papers, are always apt, and often are shrewdly chosen to give a sort of key-note to the paper which follows. Addison, at least, was widely acquainted in classical literature. The translations of the mottoes given in this edition are taken, with few exceptions, from the London edition of 1846, published by Chidley.

Page 3, LINE 1—**A reader,** etc. "No reader cares about an author's person before reading his book; it is after reading it, and supposing the book to reveal something of the writer's moral nature, as modifying his intellect; it is for his fun, his fancy, his sadness, possibly his craziness, that any reader cares about seeing the author in person—no man ever wished to see the author of a *Ready Reckoner*, or of the *Agistment Tithe*, or on the *Present Deplorable Dry Rot in Potatoes.*" (De Quincey, in *Notes on Walter Savage Landor* (IV, 307).)

3, 7—prefatory discourses. If these two papers are read carefully by the student he will see how *The Spectator* is introduced to its readers, how the necessary advertising is managed, and how a general idea of what is to follow is so skilfully revealed that the reader will want to see the succeeding papers of the series.

3, 14—William the Conqueror's time. In 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, a claimant of the English throne, defeated King Harold, and conquered England. Practically all the land in England passed into his hands, or into those of his barons.

3, 15—whole and entire. With all its fields or divisions, and with all its divisions unbroken.

4, 9—coral. A small ring, used by babies when they are teething.

4, 13—nonage. The time before a person becomes of age.

4, 14—my parts. His character, or his qualities.

4, 16—profound silence. Addison is not, of course, giving here his own biography, but much of what he says here applies very well to himself. He was not a great talker except when in the company of a few intimates. Observe, too, that Mr. Spectator almost never speaks in the following papers.

4, 22—the learned tongues. Latin and Greek.

4, 32—the measure of a pyramid. John Greaves (1602–1652), a mathematician, and professor of astronomy at Oxford, had published a pamphlet dealing with the measurements of the pyramids. Addison himself never visited Egypt.

4, 35—this city. London, or rather the small central section of the great municipality under the rule of the Lord Mayor.

4, 38—place of general resort. See the Introduction for the part played by coffee-houses in the life of the time. Of the coffee-houses mentioned in the text, Will's, at the corner of Bow and Great Russell Streets, had been a favorite resort of literary men ever since the poet Dryden had made it his head-quarters; Child's, in St. Paul's Church-yard, was popular with the clergy, and with literary men; St. James's, in St. James Street, was the special rendezvous of the Whig politicians; the Grecian, in Devereaux Court, was frequented by Templars and scholars; the Cocoa-Tree, in St. James Street, was the gathering-place of the Tory politicians, and was not a coffee-house at all, but a chocolate-house; while Jonathan's, in Exchange Alley, was where the merchants and stock-brokers "most did congregate."

5, 6—The Postman. A newspaper of Queen Anne's time, published three times a week. Its editor was a Frenchman named Fonvive.

5, 11—theatres. The two mentioned here were the principal houses open in London at that time. There all of Addison's and Steele's plays were presented.

5, 12—Exchange. The head-quarters of the dealers in stocks, and the principal merchants. The business head-quarters of London, and so of England.

5, 19—speculative. Theoretical.

5, 22—economy. Used here in its original meaning of housekeeping.

5, 24—blots. In the game of backgammon, a blot is the leaving of a piece in an exposed position where the adversary can take it.

6, 32—Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. *The Spectator* was printed by Samuel Buckley, who had in 1702 started the first English daily newspaper, a tiny sheet called *The Daily Courant*. Little Britain is a short street in London, the subject of an interesting essay in Irving's *Sketch Book*.

6, 37—C. The papers which Addison wrote for *The Spectator* are signed C, L, I, or O, the four letters making the name of Clio, that one of the nine Muses who presided over history. Steele's papers are signed R or T; Budgell's, X. In *Spectator*, No. 221, Addison has a whimsical discussion of the mottoes and signatures of the various papers.

II.—THE CLUB

7, 2—baronet. The lowest order of nobility in England, carrying with it the title Sir.

—Sir Roger de Coverley. Steele tells us that Jonathan Swift suggested that the old knight be called after the popular dance, which was, in fact, named after a knight of the time of Richard I, and so was more than five hundred years old. The tune may still be found in popular collections of English dance music.

7, 3—country dance. The square dance, like the Virginia reel and the lancers, where the partners stand opposite each other. It is sometimes confused with contra-dance, a term derived from the French *contredance*, where the partners also stand opposite each other.

7, 9—humor. Physiologists in old times believed that there were four humors or liquids in the body which determined one's character. These were phlegm, which made one phlegmatic; choler or yellow bile, which made one choleric; melancholy or black bile; and blood, which gave one a sanguine temperament.

7, 13—Soho Square. A fashionable quarter of London, now fallen into some disrepute. Evidently the authors of *The Spectator* forgot this town residence of Sir Roger, for when he comes up to London he lodges just off the Strand in Norfolk Buildings.

7, 17—Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647–1680), and Sir George Etherege (1634–1694) were "fine gentlemen" who flourished in the dissolute times of Charles II. Rochester drank himself to death

at the age of thirty-three, and Etherege, though possessed of some dramatic ability, ended his life by falling downstairs when he was drunk.

7, 18—**Bully Dawson.** A swaggering sharper of the times when Sir Roger was a young man, thirty years at least before the date of this paper.

7, 23—**dressed.** That is, in the prevailing fashion.

—**doublet.** A close-fitting over-garment for men, something like the modern sweater, or coat and vest combined. A coat of more elaborate cut and trimming was usually worn over it.

7, 25—**in and out.** That is, of the fashion.

8, 9—**justice of the quorum.** This office is similar to the modern office of justice of the peace. It is so called here because the first word of the Latin commission formerly issued to these justices was "*Quorum,*"—"Of whom we will that . . . . be one, etc.

8, 10—**quarter-session.** The court of the justice of the quorum held a session for criminal cases at least four times a year.

8, 11—**Game Act.** The Game Act of Charles II prescribed regulations as to the privilege of keeping guns and hunting. Land-owners whose income was at least £100 a year, and all those above that figure, with their heirs and sons, were competent to hunt.

8, 14—**Inner Temple.** One of the four societies in England which are in charge of admitting lawyers to the bar. The other three are the Middle Temple, Gray's Inn, and Lincoln's Inn. Together they are called the Inns of Court. The Templars get their name from the fact that they occupy the property in London formerly belonging to the Knights Templars.

8, 19—**Aristotle.** The famous Greek philosopher who laid down the principles of dramatic art. He lived from 384 to 322 B. C.

8, 20—**Longinus.** This Latin writer (210–273), in his treatise *On the Sublime,* carried on the principles of Aristotle. Both these critics were admired and followed by the writers of Queen Anne's time.

—**Littleton.** Sir Thomas Littleton (1402–1481), one of the founders of English real-estate law, wrote a famous work in French on *Tenures.*

8, 21—**Coke.** Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634) translated and annotated Littleton's book under the title *The Institutes of Sir*

Edward Coke, but popularly known as *Coke on Littleton*. This is still a primary source of authority in all matters of real-estate law.

8, 27—**Demosthenes and Tully.** The most distinguished orators of Greece and Rome, respectively. We know Tully better by his name Cicero. His full name was Marcus Tullius Cicero.

8, 38—**exactly at five.** In Queen Anne's time the theatres began at six or about that time. Fashionable men dined at four, looked in at a coffee-house on their way to the play, and arrived at the theatre just in time. The Templar here is on his way to Drury Lane Theatre. New Inn is one of the buildings of the Middle Temple. The Rose is a tavern at the entrance to the theatre.

9, 6—**Sir Andrew Freeport.** In this character we see reflected many of the opinions of Addison and Steele. Dr. Johnson thinks that if they had not decided to keep politics out of the paper, we should have had from Sir Andrew more of the particular Whig opinions of the time. His name indicates some of the Whig opinions, and he is drawn altogether in a way exceedingly complimentary to the merchant class.

9, 20—**"A penny,"** etc. Evidently the original of Franklin's Poor Richard maxim, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

10, 36—**habits.** Costumes. The word survives in our "riding-habit."

11, 9—**Duke of Monmouth.** A natural son of Charles II, who led a rebellion against James II in 1685. He was defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor, taken prisoner, and beheaded. His personal beauty and pleasing manners made him a favorite with others than women. Dryden took him as the original of Absalom in his poem *Absalom and Achitophel*. See Macaulay's account of him in his *History of England*.

11, 33—**chamber-counsellor.** A lawyer who does not go into court, but confines his activities to office practice.

III.—SIR ROGER ON MEN OF FINE PARTS

This is one of many papers by Steele which criticise men who divorce culture and morality. Its arguments are still sound.

12, 23—**monster.** The technical name for any animal which is contrary to nature, like a two-headed calf or a five-legged cat.

13, 1—Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. An open place west of Lincoln's Inn much infested with beggars and mountebanks.

13, 13—done with an air. Not what you do, but how you do it. The example of the French court of Louis XIV, and of the English court of Charles II, both tended in this direction. Steele and Addison did much to foster a juster morality.

13, 14—whimsical. Peculiar.

13, 16—equipage. First the trappings of a horse, then of a knight who rode horseback, and finally, as here, the equipment and surroundings of a gentleman.

13, 27—starts. A hunting term, meaning the beginning of a chase after game. It hints humorously at the character of Sir Roger, who, later in *The Spectator*, is shown to be a great fox-hunter.

14, 4—Sir Richard Blackmore. A dull, long-winded poet whose work has little except its virtue to commend it. The sentiments here seem to be taken from the preface of an epic published in 1695, entitled *Prince Arthur*. His dates are 1650–1729.

15, 4—commonwealth. A name for the state, still used in parts of our country: *e.g.*, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

IV.—A MEETING OF THE CLUB

16, 13—the opera and the puppet-show. Italian opera had recently been introduced into England, where its absurdities had received rather sarcastic criticism. Already *The Spectator* had called attention to the lack of common-sense in some of the productions. See Nos. 5, 13, 14, 18, 22, 29, 31 in any complete edition of *The Spectator*. Puppet-shows were numerous, and in some cases ambitious; they have come down from remote antiquity to our own time.

16, 20—the City. See Introduction, p. xxx.

16, 32—wits of King Charles's time. The comedies of the Restoration were noted for the looseness of their morality, and further for the fact that intrigues with the wives and daughters of London citizens were supposed to be comic. Wycherley, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Congreve all produced comedies which are cases in point.

16, 33—Horace. The Latin poet, critic, and satirist (65–8 B. C.).

16, 34—Juvenal. An author of the most famous Latin satires (60–140).

—Boileau. A French critic and satirist, visited by Addison on his first European trip (1636–1711).

17, 1—Inns of Court. See note on Inner Temple, 8, 14. The criticism referred to is in No. 21 of *The Spectator*.

17, 11—fox-hunters. This seems a mistake, for up to this time Mr. Spectator had not mentioned fox-hunters. He does later (see Nos. XIV and XV of this book). In *The Freeholder*, No. 22, five years later, Addison drew his famous portrait of the Tory fox-hunter.

17, 24—clergyman. Perhaps the reason Mr. Spectator is so lenient with the clergy is because Addison's father was a clergyman, and he himself was bred for that calling.

17, 31—aggravate. This much-abused word is here used correctly.

17, 36—those vices, etc. This passage shows admirably one of the great purposes of *The Spectator*.

18, 14—to combat, etc. Criticism, like divine judgment, should be directed against the sin, not the sinner.

18, 18—Roman triumvirate. The second triumvirate—Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. See Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV, Sc. 1.

18, 27—Punch. The famous character in the puppet-show of *Punch and Judy*, founded on Robert Powell, a hunchbacked dwarf, who had a puppet-show in Covent Garden.

V.—LEONORA'S LIBRARY

19, 12—folios. Large volumes in which the bookbinder's paper was folded only once, making two sheets or four pages. Quartos and octavos had four and eight sheets, respectively.

—china. The collection of china had been for some time a fashionable craze in England.

19, 23—scaramouches. China figures in the form of the famous Italian clown, Scaramuccia.

19, 24—mandarins. China figures, like the magistrates of China for whom they are named. They sometimes have loose heads which wag in a solemn way.

19, 27—snuff-box. Ladies, it seems, were beginning to use tobacco in England. Steele, in No. 344 of *The Spectator*, calls

the habit " impertinent," " a silly trick," " nauseous," and says he is " extremely disgusted with this filthy physic."

20, 2—fagots. Persons hired to take the places of others at the muster of a company.

20, 11—Ogilby's Vergil, etc. Ogilby in 1649 made the first complete translation of Vergil, the Latin poet; Dryden translated the *Satires* of Juvenal in 1693; *Cassandra, Cleopatra,* and *Astræa* were English versions of popular French romances, the first two by La Calprenède, the third by Honoré D'Urfé; *The Grand Cyrus* and *Clelia* were also romances by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, each in ten volumes. Fortunately the volumes were short! Pembroke's *Arcadia* is the famous idealistic romance by Sir Philip Sidney, written for his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, in 1580-81, but published only after his untimely death in Flanders; it is an interesting waymark in the evolution of the English novel. John Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding,* published in 1690, was written to show, among other things, that there are no such things as innate ideas. Is it probable that Leonora had read it? The patches were small pieces of black adhesive plaster which the beauties of that day pasted on their faces to enhance the beauty of their complexions, or to call attention to dimples and other charms William Sherlock (1641–1707) was dean of St. Paul's Cathedral London. *The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony,* like so many other books in this library, was a translation from the French, *Quinze Joies de Mariage.* Sir William Temple was the patron of Jonathan Swift, and a famous and successful statesman and diplomat. *The Ladies' Calling* was an anonymous religious work, evidently by the same hand as *The Whole Duty of Man,* the most popular religious work of the day. Thomas D'Urfey (1650–1720) published in 1704 his *Tales, Tragical and Comical.* Another of his titles was *Pills to Purge Melancholy.* He was coarse and dissolute. The classic authors, whom Addison specially loved, were here only as wooden dummies. The Elzevirs, father and sons, were noted printers in Holland. In Leonora's library they were also bound by the carpenter. Baker's *Chronicle of the Kings of England* was a dull and spiritless account of English history, very popular with Sir Roger, as may be seen in XXIX of this book. *Advice to a Daughter* was by George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, not Charles Montague, Addison's friend. *The New Atalantis,* by Mrs. Manley, made scandalous attacks upon prominent Whigs, and so

needed a key. For Steele's *Christian Hero*, see the Introduction, p. xxiii. Hungary water was a favorite perfume of those days, compounded of alcohol, lavender, and rosemary. Dr. Sacheverell was a Tory preacher whom the Whig ministry tried to suppress with disastrous consequences to themselves. He was tried by the House of Lords, but his trial resulted in the fall of the Whigs from power. The speech mentioned here was that which he delivered in his own defence. It was said to be written for him by Samuel Wesley, father of John and Charles, the founders of Methodism. Robert Fielding had been recently tried for having two wives. *The Moral Essays of Seneca*, in the translation of Robert L'Estrange, were frequently read at this time. Seneca (4 B. C.–65 A. D.), the Latin poet, critic, and moralist, exerted great influence on English thought and English drama for many years. Some of the earliest English plays were directly inspired by him. Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667) is still widely read, and worthy of serious attention. La Ferte was the popular dancing master of the day.

21, 16—"Yes." The reader will be interested to see how many times Mr. Spectator actually speaks in the course of this book.

22, 3—turtles. Turtle-doves. "The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."—*Song of Solomon*, IV, 12.

VI.—THE SPECTATOR'S VISIT TO COVERLEY HALL

In this paper Addison takes up the character of Sir Roger, about whom Mr. Spectator has been silent for four months, and, improving on Steele's outline in No. 2, makes the character his own, though Steele and Budgell help at times, as will be seen.

23, 11—an hedge. The English have always been dubious about the value of initial *h*.

23, 22—privy counsellor. A member of the Privy Council, a large body of men who advise the sovereign on matters of public policy. Now usually written councillor.

23, 23—pad. A horse with an easy gait.

24, 10—pleasant. That is, when he jokes with them. Pleasantry is a modern survival of the same usage.

24, 23—chaplain. The country clergymen of the period were not usually worthy of much respect, as one may see in Macaulay's *History*, Chap. III, or Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, Chap. XXXII, but Addison as usual is kindly and genial in his treatment of Sir Roger's chaplain, though not specially complimentary to his intellectual powers.

25, 30—Bishop of St. Asaph. Probably William Beveridge (1637–1708), whose sermons were deservedly popular, though Addison may have meant William Fleetwood (1656–1723), for both men had published volumes of sermons before this time.

—Dr. South. Robert South (1633–1716) was not without some salt of wit, for he says in the course of a sermon on the Holy Spirit, that the man who tries to understand the doctrine is in danger of losing his wits, while he who does not understand it is in danger of losing his soul.

25, 33—Tillotson. Archbishop of Canterbury and head of the English church. In 1689 his plan for uniting to the Church of England the various dissenting bodies was defeated by the high-church party, prominent among whom was Lancelot, the father of Joseph Addison. Tillotson lived from 1630 to 1694.

—Saunderson. Robert Saunderson (1587–1663) was Bishop of Lincoln.

—Barrow. Isaac Barrow (1630–1677) won fame as a mathematician.

—Calamy. Edward Calamy (1600–1666), sometime chaplain of Charles II, is the only Presbyterian in the chaplain's list. " His name gives breadth to the suggestion of Sir Roger's orthodoxy."—Morley.

VII.—THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD

26, 14—corruption of manners in servants. In *The Spectator*, No. 88, Steele had given many instances of this corruption, and had promised to take up the subject again. The principal source of corruption was the vices of their masters which they imitated.

27, 35—husband. An economical man. So Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village* hopes

"To husband out life's taper to its close."

28, 1—when a tenement falls. When a tenant desired to transfer his lease to another before it was due, he was obliged

to pay a fine for the privilege. This fine Sir Roger would sometimes bestow on a servant as a settlement.

28, 16—manumission. Originally a term of serfdom; to manumit was to dismiss from service into full personal liberty.

29, 8—took off the dress. To take off the livery, and so to manumit. Readers will notice a slight contradiction in the manner of treating servants in this paper as compared with the paper just before. That was written by Addison, this by Steele, and they did not greatly trouble themselves with that foolish consistency which Emerson says is a hobgoblin of little minds.

VIII.—WILL WIMBLE

29, 20—Wimble. Wimble as a noun means gimlet, as an adjective, active, eager. Some editors ingeniously suggest that Will Wimble was a small bore, or that he moved about a great deal but made little impression.

29, 26—jack. A pickerel or pike.

30, 6—Eton. A famous college, or boarding-school for boys, on the Thames, just opposite Windsor Castle. It was there that the Duke of Wellington was trained. He is said to have declared that the battle of Waterloo was won on the foot-ball field at Eton.

30, 13—younger brother. In England the oldest son succeeds to the title and the estate of his father. This paper is a humorous discussion of the problem of the youngest son. Steele, in *The Tatler*, No. 256, had already attempted the same problem in his sketch of Mr. Thomas Gules of Gules Hall. "He was the cadet of a very ancient family; and according to the principles of all younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business; but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honor than do anything beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends."

30, 20—may-fly. An artificial fly for fishing.

30, 24—tulip-root. The culture of tulips had been a great craze in Holland and England for many years, so much so that a single bulb had sometimes fetched several hundred pounds. In *The Tatler*, No. 218, Addison tells of a servant who mistook

some tulip bulbs for onions, "and by that means made a dish of pottage that cost above a thousand pounds sterling." Readers of Irving's *Oliver Goldsmith* will remember that Oliver nearly beggared himself when in Holland by purchasing some tulip bulbs to send to his uncle Contarine.

31, 26—quail-pipe. A whistle used by hunters to imitate the note of quails, and so allure them within shooting distance.

32, 18—twenty-first speculation. In *The Spectator*, No. 21, Addison discusses with great good-humor the overcrowding of the three learned professions, "divinity, law, and physic."

IX.—THE COVERLEY ANCESTRY

32, 19—gallery. The portrait gallery of Coverley Hall, the walls of which were covered with pictures of former members of the family.

33, 10—Harry the Seventh. King Henry VII, who ruled England in 1485–1509. It was during his reign that the Cabots discovered North America, and laid the foundation for the English settlements on this continent.

33, 11—yeomen of the guard. The personal body-guard of the sovereigns of England, numbering one hundred, and popularly known as "beefeaters." They still keep their antique uniforms.

33, 17—Tilt Yard. A field where jousts or tournaments were held in the days of chivalry. It was just behind the present Horse Guards building, occupied now by the parade ground of St. James's Park.

33, 30—coffee-house. Jenny Mern's; the site is now occupied by the Paymaster-General's office.

33, 38—petticoat. The absurdities of women's attire have always been fruitful themes of satirical comment. In *The Spectator*, No. 127, Addison has a serio-comic account of the enormous petticoats of his time. He says that some men look upon them as prodigies foretelling the downfall of the French king, just as farthingales came in just before the fall of the Spanish monarchy!

34, 7—white-pot. A famous Devonshire dish, made of cream, sugar, rice, and cinnamon.

34, 20—slashes. The cuts in the full trousers showing cloth of a different color beneath.

35, 34—battle of Worcester. One of the decisive battles of the great civil war between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers. It was fought between Cromwell and the Scotch, who were attempting to put Charles II on the throne, September 3, 1651. Worcester was the county-town of Worcestershire, not far, of course, from Coverley Hall.

X.—THE COVERLEY GHOST

36, 2—abbey. An abbey, in the old monastic days, was the church of an abbot, who was at the head of a monastery.

36, 8—language of the Psalms. "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."—Psalms cxlvii, 9.

37, 10—Mr. Locke. John Locke published his *Essay on the Human Understanding* in 1690. The chapter here referred to is XXXII in Book II

38, 12—appearance of spirits. Addison seems to have shared with most of his contemporaries in a partial belief in the appearance of spirits.

38, 18—Lucretius. A Roman poet and philosopher whose most famous work, *De Rerum Natura* (*Concerning the Nature of Things*), is here quoted. The passage alluded to is in IV, 34.

38, 33—Josephus. Josephus (37-95) was the most famous extra-biblical historian of the Jews. His work is especially valuable as filling in the period between the Old and New Testaments, and in giving an account of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans in A. D. 66.

39, 18—those kings. Josephus had been speaking of Archelaus, King of Cappadocia, Herod the Great, King of Judea. Juba, King of Libya, and some others.

XI.—A COUNTRY SUNDAY

40, 22—common-prayer-book. The prayer-book of the Church of England, adopted just after the Reformation. The prayer-book of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America is nearly like it. It is the book of *common* prayer, because it is for all the people. Many of the prayers are of great antiquity, and their phraseology has entered largely into English literature.

40, 25—Psalms. The version of the Psalms used in the prayer-book is that of the Bishop's Bible, 1568. In the English church service many of these are chanted by the people.

40, 36,—Singing Psalms. The metrical version of the Psalms sung in church; their place is now taken by hymns.

41, 11—polite. This word originally meant one who lived in a city. Here, of course, it means sophisticated

41, 28—clerk. The clerk is a layman who occupies a seat just below the pulpit, leads in the responses, and gives out the notices.

42, 1—tithe-stealers. A tithe or tenth was originally the tenth of the increase of the flocks and the land, which according to the law of Israel was given to the Lord. In England the church claimed her tithe, but this has now been commuted into rent charges. (See Leviticus, xxxvii, 30.)

XII.—SIR ROGER IN LOVE

42, 26—perverse widow. Both Addison and Steele had dealings with widows who were more or less perverse, but it is not likely that they would put their pictures in *The Spectator*.

43, 2—by. Because of.

43, 25—sheriff. The English dignify the head executive officer of a county more than the Americans do.

43, 34—assizes. The regular sessions of the county court for which the sheriff must prepare

44, 5—murrain. Strictly this is a disease which attacks sheep, but here, of course, it is a mild swear word.

45, 15—desperate scholar. If we may identify Leonora with the perverse widow, we have seen already how "desperate" her scholarship must have been.

46, 3—Sphinx. Juno sent the Sphinx to devastate the country of the Thebans until some one should answer her riddle, "What animal goes on four feet in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?" Œdipus answered the riddle, "posed" the Sphinx, and saved his countryman by saying, "Man," for man goes on all-fours in infancy, walks erect in middle life, but in old age has recourse to a cane.

46, 10—tucker. A piece of muslin or lace, worn with low-necked dresses to cover the neck and bosom.

46, 14—tansy. A sort of custard. *A Closet of Rarities*, 1706, gives this recipe for preparing it: "Take about a dozen new-laid eggs, beat them up with three pints of cream, strain them through a coarse linen cloth, and put in of the strained juices of endive, spinach, sorrel, and tansy, each three spoonfuls; half a grated nutmeg, four ounces of fine sugar, and a little salt and rose-water. Put it with a slight laying of butter under it into a shallow pewter dish, and bake it in a moderately heated oven. Scrape over it loaf sugar, sprinkle rose-water, and serve it up."

46, 28—Martial. A famous Latin writer of epigrams who lived about 43–104.

46, 29—"Dum tacet hanc loquitur." "While he is silent he is speaking of her."

XIII.—THE SHAME AND DREAD OF POVERTY

47, 12—the glass. The company at Sir Roger's did not differ much from other companies in Queen Anne's time. Even Addison and Steele were not exempt from the common vice of the day.

47, 24—dipped. Involved, or mortgaged.

48, 34—Laertes and Irus. Classical names were used as we should use Smith or Jones. Both these names are from Homer's *Odyssey*, where Laertes is the father of Ulysses and Irus is a beggar.

48, 26—four shillings in the pound. £6,000 at five per cent interest would amount to £300 a year, which, compared with Laertes' income of £1,500, is "four shillings in the pound," or one-fifth.

49, 21—Mr. Cowley. Abraham Cowley (1618–1667), a poet, essayist, and diplomatist, regarded in his day as a model of what a poet should be, but now fallen into neglect. His essays are said to be pleasant reading still, as the following extract will show: "If I want skill and force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, tho' I bought it and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his man than he my horse." In this place Steele refers to Cowley's essay, *Of Greatness*, which he closes with a paraphrase of Horace's *Ode*, Book III, 1, beginning: "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo." "Great vulgar" is Cowley's translation of "profanum vulgus."

49, 24—author who published his works. Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, published in 1680 a complete edition of Cowley's poems, which he prefaced with a life, still interesting reading.

50, 18—"If e'er ambition," etc. From Cowley's essay *Of Greatness.*

XIV.—BODILY EXERCISE

51, 17—humors. See **7, 9,** *n.* To ferment the humors seems to be to cause their healthy action.

51, 23—spirits. The animal spirits which were the seats of sensation and will power.

51, 26—spleen. Not the organ, but the fretfulness or anger which was supposed to have its seat in the spleen.

51, 28—vapors. About like the modern "blues," but supposed to be caused by a sort of fog or vapor rising in the body.

53, 7—Dr. Sydenham. Thomas Sydenham (1624–1689), the most celebrated physician of London, sometimes called "The English Hippocrates," because, like his namesake in Greece, he laid the foundations of medical science in England.

53, 10—Medicina Gymnastica. This book with the subtitle, *A Treatise Concerning the Power of Exercise,* by Francis Fuller, was published in 1704.

53, 20—Latin treatise of exercises. *Artis Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos,* by Hieronymus Mercurialis, Venice, 1569.

XV.—HUNTING WITH SIR ROGER

This paper is from the hand of Eustace Budgell, Addison's brilliant but erratic young friend. The reader will be interested to compare his work with Addison's and Steele's, and to see whether he develops the character of Sir Roger in a way consistent with the work of his older friends.

54, 6—Bastile. The famous French prison at Paris, destroyed in the early part of the Revolution, July 14, 1789. The day is still kept as a holiday in France. For a picture of the horrors enacted in this pile, see Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities.* The key of the Bastile was given to Washington by La Fayette, and now hangs in the hall at Mount Vernon.

55, 5—staked. Impaled himself on a stake while jumping a fence.

55, 10—stop-hounds. Pointers for flushing small game.

55, 13—concert. Morley in his edition of *The Spectator* gives this note: "As to dogs, the difference is great between a hunt now and a hunt in *The Spectator's* time. Since the early days of the last century, the modern fox-hound has come into existence, while the beagle and the deep-flewed southern hare-hound, nearly resembling the blood-hound, with its sonorous note, has become almost extinct. Absolutely extinct also is the old care to attune the voices of the pack. Henry II, in his breeding of hounds, is said to have been careful not only that they should be fleet, but also well-tongued and consonous; the same care in Elizabeth's time is, in the passage quoted by *The Spectator*, attributed by Shakespeare to Duke Theseus; and the paper itself shows that care was taken to match the voices in a pack in the reign of Queen Anne. This has now been for some time absolutely disregarded."

—**nice.** A correct use of a much-abused word.

55, 18—counter-tenor. A high tenor, between tenor and treble.

55, 21—Midsummer Night's Dream. Act IV, Sc. 1, l. 124

55, 23—flewed. Having loose lips.

—**sanded.** Marked with tawny spots.

55, 25—dew-lapped. The dewlap is the loose skin and tissue which hang below the neck of an animal. It is especially marked in cattle.

57, 13—threw down his pole. Huntsmen on foot carried a long pole which helped them to leap ditches, to vault fences, and to rule the dogs.

57, 28—Pascal. Blaise Pascal (1623–1662), one of the most brilliant Frenchmen of the seventeenth century, was very precocious. At sixteen he wrote a Latin treatise on Conic Sections, at nineteen he invented a calculating machine, and was reckoned one of the greatest geometricians of his age, but this unusual development was at the expense of his health. He became a member of the community at Port Royal, where he started a book in defence of Christianity. This was never finished, but after his early death it was published under the title, *Thoughts of M. Pascal upon Religion*, and has been popular from that day to this. Budgell quotes from the seventh section of this work, which has the sub-title *The Misery of Man*.

58, 18—Mr. Dryden. John Dryden (1631–1700) was the leading English poet of the latter half of the seventeenth cen-

tury. He was a critic of no mean ability, a dramatist, a satirist, a lyrist, and a controversialist of no mean power. In his later days as an apologist for the Roman Catholic Church he did some fine work, though his permanent reputation is likely to rest upon his lyrics, such as *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, and *Alexander's Feast*. The lines quoted here are from *An Epistle to His Kinsman, J. Dryden, Esq., of Chesterton*

XVI.—MOLL WHITE

59, 8—the subject of witchcraft. For several instances of the persecution of witches, see Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, Chap. x. Addison seems to have had the usual belief of educated men of his time. In Salem, Massachusetts, the witchcraft craze occurred in 1692, when nineteen persons were hanged for witchcraft, and one was pressed to death under heavy weights for refusing to plead "Guilty," or "Not Guilty." As late as 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter were executed in Huntington, England, for selling their souls to the devil. The law of James I, punishing witchcraft with death, was not repealed until the reign of George II. See Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, for a literary treatment of witchcraft.

60, 4—Otway. Thomas Otway (1652–1685) wrote the best tragedies of the Restoration period, and lived a tragic life himself. The passage here quoted is from *The Orphan* (1680).

60, 13—nothing of a piece. No two things alike, or appropriate in her dress.

60, 21—switch. The popular belief was that witches could ride on switches and broomsticks.

60, 27—take a pin of her. Witches were said to make their victims spit pins

61, 7—tabby cat. The devil was supposed to embody himself frequently in a black cat, and so cats always cut a large figure in all witchcraft stories.

61, 23—trying experiments with her. They would throw her into a pond; if she was guilty, she would float, and so be worthy of death; if innocent, she would sink, and so would die anyway!

61, 31—scarce a village . . . that has not a Moll White. "When this essay was written, charges were being laid against one old woman, Jane Wenham, of Walkerne, a little village

north of Hertford, which led to her trial for witchcraft at assizes held in the following year, 1712, when she was found guilty; and became memorable as the last person who, in this country, was condemned to capital punishment for that impossible offence. The judge got first a reprieve, and then a pardon. The lawyers had refused to draw up any indictment against the poor old creature, except in mockery, for 'conversing familiarly with the devil in form of a cat.' But of that offence she was found guilty upon the testimony of sixteen witnesses, three of whom were clergymen. One witness, Anne Thorne, testified that every night the pins went from her pincushion into her mouth. Others gave evidence that they had seen pins come jumping through the air into Anne Thorne's mouth. Two swore that they had heard the prisoner, in the shape of a cat, converse with the devil, he being also in form of a cat. Anne Thorne swore that she was tormented exceedingly with cats, and that all the cats had the face and voice of the witch. The vicar of Ardley had tested the poor ignorant creature with the Lord's Prayer, and finding she could not repeat it, had terrified her with his moral tortures into some sort of confession. Such things, then, were said and done, and such credulity was abetted even by educated men at the time when this essay was written. Upon charges like those ridiculed in the text, a woman actually was, a few months later, not only committed by justices with a less judicious spiritual counsellor than Sir Roger's chaplain, but actually found guilty at the assizes, and condemned to death." (Morley's Note.)

XVII.—THE PERVERSE WIDOW

63, 10—confidante. The companion, or chaperon of the widow, who was always with her, much to Sir Roger's disgust.

63, 16—fortune. That is, a young lady possessed of a fortune.

65, 25—to see them work. The bees in the glass hive. Steele is not always careful to provide an antecedent for his pronouns.

—policies of their commonwealth. For an interesting discussion of the bees' commonwealth, see *The Bee*, by Maurice Maeterlinck.

XVIII.—MANNERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

66, 2—changes the city for the country. "A journey any little distance from home was a serious undertaking, so serious, indeed, that it often meant the inditing of a last will and testament before it was undertaken. Bad as the roads were in the summer time, when clouds of dust blinded the traveller in every direction, infinitely worse were they at such times as the waters were out or after a heavy fall of rain, when the chances were that the wayfarers, after crawling along at a pace of two or three miles an hour in constant fear of sticking fast in a quagmire, had to brave the impetuous force of the current of some river that had overflowed its banks, the strong barely escaping with their lives, the weak often perishing in the stream." (Sydney, *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, II, 5.)

66, 16—modish. In the mode or fashion.

67, 16—adjust the ceremonial. Decide on the relative importance of each guest, and assign him a seat in accordance with his rank.

68, 6—polished in France. The French court during the long reign of Louis XIV was notably corrupt, under an exceedingly polished exterior.

68, 23—Revolution. In 1689, twenty years before, when William and Mary succeeded to the throne of England after the forced abdication of James II.

68, 24—red coats and laced hats. That is, in the style of twenty years before when men wore colored coats and put gold lace on their hats. In 1711 tastes had become more quiet, for soberer hues prevailed in coats, and hats had become black, but with wide brims which could be cocked in various ways.

68, 25—height of their head-dresses. Addison is himself a most amusing commentator on women's hats. In *The Spectator*, No. 98, he says:

> There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About thirty years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature that we appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven foot nigh, that at present want some inches of five. . . . One may observe that women in all ages

have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and, indeed, I very much admire that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there has been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble; sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple.

68, 27—western circuit. The judges in holding various terms of court made circuits about the country, accompanied by a large number of lawyers, spectators, and subordinate officials.

XIX.—SIR ROGER'S POULTRY

69, 14—arguments for Providence. Arguments, that is, for the existence and goodness of God.

71, 7—wiser than the sons of men. A reminiscence of Luke xvi, 8, " For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

72, 13—gravitation. Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727) is generally supposed to have worked out the theory of gravitation from the thoughts started at seeing the fall of an apple in his garden. His theory was different from Addison's in that he thought that all things attracted each other in proportion to their weight.

XX.—THE SPECTATOR'S PLEASANT DAY

73, 13—just within the Game Act. See **8, 11,** *n.*

73, 18—shoots flying. As a true sportsman should.

73, 19—petty jury. So called to distinguish it from the grand jury. The petty jury of twelve men determine cases, civil or criminal, which are tried before them. The grand jury of twenty-four men have as their function the decision whether the evidence against criminals is sufficient to hold them for trial by a petty jury.

73, 28—cast and been cast. Won or lost, the implication being that it is almost as expensive to win a lawsuit as it is to lose one.

75, 2—sign-post. English inns still hang out sign-posts containing pictorial representations of their names, as The Cheshire Cheese (London), The Turk's Head (London), or The Three Swans (Salisbury). Shops often did the same. The

public was invited to buy scissors at the sign of the Green Dragon. These pictorial signs were especially valuable in a time when many people could not read

75, 14—Saracen's Head. "When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's head is), when, in truth, they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit." (Selden, *Table Talk.*)

XXI.—THE TRAINING OF AN HEIR

77, 7—novel. A short story or fictitious tale, named from the Italian *novelle,* of which it was at first a translation. It was usually a love tale. The novel as we understand it, had not yet come in England. In 1740 Samuel Richardson published *Pamela,* and thus began the long, brilliant career of the English novel.

77, 22—Gazette. The official paper of the government in which were published such foreign despatches and official communications as it was thought best to print. Steele was gazetteer from May, 1707, to October, 1710.

77, 29—Mr. Cowley. See **49,** 21, *n.* In his essay on *The Danger of Procrastination,* Mr. Cowley says, "There is no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking of a fortune then is but a desperate after-game."

78, 26—dictated. Influenced.

79, 7—constitution. The British Constitution is not a definite, unchanging, written document like our own, but a series of acts, bills, precedents, and tendencies which have grown up in the course of years and years.

80, 21—L. On the day this paper was published, Addison wrote the following letter to Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu:

DEAR SIR—Being very well pleased with this day's *Spectator,* I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of £2000 per annum, an estate in the Indies of £14000, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add that I have just resigned my fellowship and that stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall

not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.

I am, dear sir, yours eternally,

July 21, 1711. JOSEPH ADDISON.

XXII.—ON PARTY SPIRIT

80, 24—Roundheads and Cavaliers. The names given in Charles I's time to the followers of Parliament and of the king. The Parliament men cut their hair as men do to-day, and hence their name. Cavaliers derived their name from the French chevaliers, horsemen, or knights, and let their hair grow long.

80, 26—St. Anne's Lane. There is a St. Anne's Lane in Westminster, near the Abbey. It is named from a church in the vicinity, which, in turn, is named from St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary.

81, 2—popish. An impolite way of saying Roman Catholic.

81, 4—prick-eared cur. Puritans laid themselves open to such epithets as this by cutting their hair and exposing their ears.

81, 12—mischief that parties do. Party spirit raged fiercely in England in 1711. The Whigs and Tories hated each other with a hatred which this paper does not exaggerate at all. Sir Roger thinks that the Whigs, by keeping up the war, raise the land tax, but how they destroy game it is hard to see.

81, 34—Plutarch. A Greek biographer and moralist of the first century of this era. He is best known for his *Lives*, but the quotation in the text is from the moral essay, *How One Shall be Helped by Enemies.*

82, 4—that great rule. Spoken by Jesus: "Love your enemies." (Luke vi, 27.)

82, 21—different mediums. For example, air and water. The familiar example of the stick appearing bent as it passes from air to water is here referred to.

82, 34—sophistry. A piece of false reasoning, based on apparently good premises.

83, 1—postulatums. Things taken for granted at the beginning of an argument.

83, 11—Guelphs and Ghibellines. There was civil strife in Italy from 1250 to 1600 between those who upheld the civil

power of the Pope (the Guelphs), and those who favored the Roman or German Emperor (the Ghibellines). The names are derived from two Italian families.

83, 12—the League. The Holy Catholic League, formed in 1546 to resist the spread of Protestantism, and to keep Henry IV from the throne.

XXIII.—PARTY PREJUDICE

85, 14—Diodorus Siculus. Diodorus the Sicilian (Siculus), was a Greek historian of the first century. He wrote *Bibliothecæ Historicæ* (Historical Libraries) which discusses the ichneumon in Book 1, 25.

85, 26—Tartars. Members of the wild tribes of Central Asia who have long been thorns in the side of European and Asiatic civilizations. See De Quincey's *The Flight of a Tartar Tribe.*

85, 35—party reigns more in the country. Here speaks Addison the Whig, for the country was overwhelmingly Tory.

87, 13—fanatic. A touch like this shows the violence of party spirit in the country. A Whig is a fanatic, forsooth!

XXIV.—GYPSIES

87, 24—gypsies. The name is a corruption of Egyptians, because of their supposed origin in Egypt. Scholars now think they are of Asiatic descent, and that they came into Europe by way of Epirus or Little Egypt. Their religion is a curious mixture of heathen and Christian elements, with a belief in spirits and magic.

88, 29—Cassandra. The daughter of Priam, King of Troy, was endowed by Apollo with the gift of prophecy, but he afterward qualified his gift by decreeing that she should not be believed. So the term as applied to the gypsy girl is scarcely appropriate.

88, 30—lines. The lines or wrinkles in the palm of the hand which are supposed by palmists to reveal the fortune. The long diagonal line from the base of the forefinger around the root of the thumb is called the line of life.

XXV.—REASONS FOR LEAVING THE COUNTRY

91, 16—started. The metaphors here are taken from the chase. Note "started," "spring," "put up," "foil the scent," as if the subjects of the various papers by Mr. Spectator were birds or game.

91, 25—cities of London and Westminster. In England the word "city" is confined to those places which are the seats of bishops of the Church of England, and so have cathedrals. In the middle of the sixteenth century Westminster was a city, and the Abbey became a cathedral. When it ceased to have a bishop, Westminster did not resign its privileges. The two cities are now one, but in Addison's time they were less closely joined, the boundary coming at Temple Bar where the Strand and Fleet Street meet.

92, 14—"White Witch." "According to popular belief, there were three classes of witches—white, black, and gray. The first helped, but could not hurt; the second the reverse; and the third did both. White spirits caused stolen goods to be restored; they charmed away diseases, and did other beneficent acts; neither did a little harmless mischief lie wholly out of their way. Dryden says:

> "'At least as little honest as he could,
> And like white witches mischievously good.'"
>
> —W. H. Wills.

92, 17—Jesuit. A member of the Roman Catholic Society of Jesus. A Jesuit would be suspected of plotting to bring the son of James II to the English throne.

92, 22—converses. Literally, turns around, and so, associates.

93, 22—stories of a cock and a bull. We are more familiar with the modern version "a cock and bull story." The expression is very old, and means an absurd story which is unbelievable.

93, 29—commonwealth's men. That is, men who have inherited the beliefs of Cromwell and the men of the Puritan Commonwealth, whose successors the Whigs were supposed to be.

XXVI.—THE SPECTATOR'S RETURN TO LONDON

94, 5—the stage-coach. "By 1710 coaches ran regularly between London and most larger towns in England. The best were called 'flying coaches,' drawn by six horses, and sometimes made eighty miles a day. They did not run at night. The fare was about threepence the mile." (*Winchester.*)

94, 8—Mrs. The abbreviation for mistress applied formerly to both single and married women.

94, 12—Ephraim. The common name for a Friend, or Quaker, because of Psalm lxxviii, 9: "The children of Ephraim, being armed, and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle." Quakers hold that it is contrary to the fundamental law of Christianity to fight. These were called Quakers, because under the preaching of George Fox, their founder, they quaked or trembled. The name was given in derision, and is not used by the Friends themselves.

94, 22—half-pike. A short pointed spear carried by an infantryman, now superseded by the bayonet.

96, 15—smoky. Suspicious

96, 25—taking place. In the narrow roads coachmen often got into disputes over the right of way. The rule of the road is here laid down by Steele.

XXVII.—A DEBATE BETWEEN SIR ROGER AND SIR ANDREW

97, 19—Roman fable. The fable of the Belly and the Members is told by Livy, Book II, Chap. XXXII, and repeated by Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*, I, i, 99 *seq.*

97, 22—landed and trading interests. The landed proprietors were almost to a man Tories, while the traders were Whigs.

98, 3—Carthaginian faith. *Punica fides* was a proverb among the Romans because of the frequent breach of faith on the part of the Carthaginians.

98, 27—civil and military lists. The civil lists were made up of men who served the government in civil positions like the treasury or the post-office. The military lists is self-explaining.

98, 33—the way. The right of way.

99, 24—to break. To fail in business

100, 12—custom. The tariff duties.

100, 16—throws down, etc. The Tory hunters often did these very things in their hunting, and the aggrieved farmers had no redress. Corn in England includes wheat, oats, rye, and barley, but not Indian-corn or maize.

XXVIII.—SIR ROGER IN LONDON

101, 26—Prince Eugene. Prince Eugene of Savoy was, next to the Duke of Marlborough, the principal general of the allies in the war of the Spanish Succession. His visit to England at this time was to urge the continuation of the war, and the restoration to command of the Duke of Marlborough, but he was not successful. While on this visit he acted as godfather at the baptism of Steele's second son

102, 5—Scanderbeg. This is the popular form of the name of Iskander Bey, an Albanian who won many victories over the Turks in 1461. He lived from 1407 to 1461, and was a popular hero.

102, 24—marks. A mark was not a coin but a certain amount of money, thirteen shillings, fourpence, or about $3.33.

102, 28—tobacco-stopper. A small implement of wood or bone for pushing down the tobacco in the bowl of a pipe.

102, 31—good principles. To Will Wimble a man of good principles was a Tory.

103, 9—hog's puddings. Sausages.

103, 22—smutting. A game much in vogue which consisted in making an innocent man blacken his own face.

103, 27—Act of Parliament. The Test Act of 1673 provided that in order to qualify for any civil office the candidate must be a communicant of the Church of England. This shut out Dissenters and Roman Catholics from public office, but some Dissenters were perfectly willing to take the communion occasionally in an English church if they might thus qualify themselves for office. The act mentioned by Sir Roger was the *Act to repress Occasional Conformity*, passed by the Tories in 1710, immediately upon their accession to power.

104, 1—Pope's Procession. On November 17, the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, it was long the custom to have a mock procession in which the Pope and Roman Catholic ceremonies were burlesqued. In 1711 the Whigs had planned

an especially elaborate and offensive procession, but it was suppressed by the government, after some rioting.

104, 10—Baker's Chronicle. Sir Richard Baker (1568–1645) an English historian, educated at Oxford, wrote, in 1643, a dull and spiritless *Chronicle of the Kings of England*, which nevertheless enjoyed great popularity. See Papers V and XXIX in this book.

104, 16—Squire's. A coffee-house near Gray's Inn, especially popular with the lawyers of that society.

104, 22—Supplement. A newspaper of the period, which appeared three times a week.

XXIX.—SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

105, 2—paper on Westminster Abbey. No. 26 of *The Spectator*.

105, 15—Widow Trueby's water. One of the quack medicines then popular, which, like those of our own day, consisted largely of alcohol. Addison gives an account of some quack nostrums of the day in *The Tatler*, No. 224.

105, 28—the sickness being at Dantzic. Dantzic was visited by the plague in 1709. This was a virulent epidemic, now identified as the bubonic plague, which slew its thousands, but which has now nearly yielded to improved sanitation and methods of living.

106, 2—hackney-coach. A coach drawn by a hackney or horse, for hire in the streets. These vehicles had been introduced during the preceding fifty years, and had become numerous. The drivers were a pugnacious set, frequently engaging in brawls. This may account for Sir Roger's preference for an elderly coachman. Because the hackney-coaches were for common use, the adjective *hackneyed* has come to mean common or trite.

106, 29—Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Shovel (1650–1707) was a famous English admiral, the hero of many engagements. He commanded at the battle of La Hogue, 1692, and captured Barcelona in Spain. On his way home he was shipwrecked on the Scilly Isles. He escaped only to be murdered by a savage woman, but his body was recovered and buried in the Abbey under a monument which Addison criticised in *The Spectator*, No. 26.

106, 31—Busby. Richard Busby (1606–1695) was for fifty-five years headmaster of Westminster school. He was a great believer in the rod. When Charles II visited his school Busby kept on his hat because it would never do for his boys to imagine that he was inferior to any one!

106, 35—chapel on the right hand. St. Edmund's, in the south aisle of the choir.

106, 38—the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Sir Bernard Brocas, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1400, was said to have performed this feat, but the story is probably legendary.

107, 2—Cecil. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh (1520–1598), one of Queen Elizabeth's principal ministers, practically guiding the destinies of England from 1558 to his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his effigy is represented on his knees at the tomb of his wife and daughter.

107, 4—martyr to good housewifery. This sounds like a guide's invention, but the story was formerly told of Lady Elizabeth Russell, whose tomb is in St. Edmund's chapel.

107, 10—coronation chairs. These stand in the chapel of Edward the Confessor. The older one has in its seat the famous Stone of Scone. Every sovereign of England since Edward I has been crowned sitting in this chair. The second chair was built for Queen Mary when she was crowned joint sovereign with King William III in 1689.

107, 11—Stone. The Stone of Scone, or the Stone of Destiny, was formerly in the Abbey of Scone, in Perthshire, Scotland, and on it all the kings of Scotland were crowned, until Edward I carried it to London in 1296. Tradition says it was the stone which Jacob used for a pillow at Bethel when he had the vision of the ladder of angels. Then Moses used it for the lid of the Ark of the Covenant, and it was in the Temple of Jerusalem until it was carried away to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar. Then it appeared in Scotland in some unexplained way. Unfortunately the geologists say it is a kind of rock very abundant in northern Scotland, but not found in Palestine.

107, 17—forfeit. A fee to the guide for the privilege of sitting in the chair.

107, 18—trepanned. Ensnared.

107, 23—Edward the Third's sword. The enormous sword of the king who conquered France stands just behind the coronation chairs. It seems to have been made for a giant.

107, 25—Black Prince. The son of Edward III who would have succeeded his father if he had lived, but he died in 1376 while still Prince of Wales. He is buried in Canterbury cathedral.

107, 28—Edward the Confessor. He was King of England from 1042 to 1066.

107, 29—touched for the evil. Scrofula was called king's evil because the royal touch was supposed to cure it. In *Macbeth*, Act IV, Sc. 3, Shakespeare gives an account of the ceremony, and the English Book of Common Prayer until 1719 included a ritual for it. Queen Anne was the last to practise the rite. Samuel Johnson remembered being touched by her, but her hand had evidently lost its cunning, for Johnson was scrofulous all his life.

107, 34—one of our English kings without an head. The effigy on the tomb of Henry V had originally a silver head, but it was stolen in the reign of Henry VIII, when the monasteries were seized by the crown.

108, 14—Norfolk Buildings. Addison has forgotten that in *The Spectator*, No. 2, Steele gave Sir Roger a town house in Soho Square.

XXX.—SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

108, 17—the new tragedy. Addison here puffs the work of his friend, Ambrose Phillips, who had recently translated and adapted Racine's *Andromaque*, under the title *The Distressed Mother*.

108, 20—Committee. Sir Robert Howard, brother-in-law to Dryden, wrote *The Committee, or the Faithful Irishman*, a play which ridiculed the Puritans and exalted the king's party, and so was a "good Church of England comedy."

108, 27—Mohocks. A company of young ruffians in London, named for the ferocious tribe of North American Indians (usually spelled Mohawks), who infested the streets at night, and hazed belated travellers. They rolled old women in barrels down Holborn Hill, cut the faces of maids, and made themselves so generally obnoxious that a week before this paper was printed the Queen had issued a proclamation against them. (See Introduction, p. xxxi, and Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, Chap. XXXVI.)

109, 19—four o'clock. The theatres usually began at six.

109, 25—battle of Steenkirk. This was fought between the English and French, August 3, 1692. The English were defeated. The French did not have time to dress carefully before the battle, and many wore their neckties loose and flowing. The English supposed this was the latest Parisian fashion, and copied it, calling these loose ties Steenkirks.

109, 27—plants. Clubs or cudgels.

109, 33—pit. The main floor of the theatre, usually called the orchestra in America.

110, 3—Pyrrhus. The hero of the play and the son of Achilles. Andromache, the distressed mother, is his captive. To win the throne of Troy for her son, Astyanax, Andromache consents to marry Pyrrhus, but Hermione, a former lover, conspires with Orestes to slay Pyrrhus. Hermione commits suicide, and Orestes goes mad.

110, 4—the King of France. Louis XIV, who was really a small man, but contrived through the art of the tailor and the hair-dresser to pose as a large man.

111, 23—dramatic rules. Perhaps Addison meant the three unities, as they are called,—time, place, and action. A play should take no longer to act than the events would demand in real life; it should not be transferred to places which the actors could not really reach in the time set, and every part of the action should have its cause and reason. The unities of time and place have never been the rule of the romantic drama.

XXXI.—SIR ROGER AT SPRING GARDEN

112, 8—Spring Garden. This was a pleasure resort on the south side of the Thames not far from Lambeth Palace, the home of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was opened about 1660 and continued until 1859. Other names for it were Vauxhall and Fox-Hall. There was a garden laid out with intricate walks in which it was easy to lose oneself, a small lake, refreshment booths, and a large rotunda for music. While the place was popular it was not always very respectable, as this paper shows. The favorite way of reaching the garden was by boat on the Thames.

112, 17—Temple Stairs. A boat-landing on the Thames near the Temple.

113, 4—La Hogue. A naval battle on May 10, 1692, in which the French were defeated by the combined fleets of the Dutch and the English. Sir Cloudesley Shovel won fame in this engagement.

113, 17—Temple Bar. An ancient gateway in the wall which formerly surrounded London. The city grew beyond the walls long ago, but Temple Bar remained until 1878, when it was removed to make way for the increased traffic. An ugly monument to mark the spot takes up nearly as much room as the Bar did formerly.

113, 19—fifty new churches. London grew faster than its church privileges. To catch up with the population, and to satisfy those who thought that the Church was in danger, Parliament, in 1711, voted to build fifty new churches. By the strange changes of time, many of these churches are now practically unused because of the shifting of population.

113, 35—put. Pronounced *pŭt*. A term of reproach.

114, 7—Mahometan paradise. Because there were so many pretty black-eyed girls there.

114, 16—mask. A woman in a mask.

114, 30—member of the quorum. A justice of the peace. See **8, 9**, *n*.

XXXII.—DEATH OF SIR ROGER

Although Addison did not originate the character of Sir Roger, he had most to do with developing it, and so when the time arrived for drawing *The Spectator* to a close it was Addison who "killed him off." Budgell says: "Mr. Addison was so fond of this character that a little while before he laid down *The Spectator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it), he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of: 'By G—, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.' Accordingly the whole *Spectator*, No. 517, consists of nothing else but an account of the old knight's death, and some moving circumstances which attended it."

116, 35—quorum. The justices of the peace for the county.

117, 25—Act of Uniformity. This law, passed in 1662, compelled all public worship in England to be in accordance with the prayer-book of the Church of England, and disallowed

the validity of any clerical rank except that conferred by the bishops of the English church. Over two thousand ministers, accordingly, left the Church of England, and, joining the Dissenters, made such a powerful body that they were able by 1689 to secure the Toleration Act, which was a long step in the direction of the religious liberty which prevails in England to-day.

117, 32—rings and mourning. It was the custom for men in their wills to provide that mourning rings, gloves, and hat-bands should be given to all the friends who attended their funerals. Sometimes this mourning was of great value. Ashton tells of one funeral at which over two hundred rings were distributed.

The foregoing papers are not the only ones which contain references to Sir Roger, but they are the most noteworthy in which the old knight appears. Others where some reference is made to him are 100, 127, 137, 141, 221, 251 (XXXV of this book), 271, 295, 331, 338, 410, 424, 435, 518, and 544. The Spectator Club gradually melts away, for after Sir Roger dies, Will Honeycomb marries, the Templar gives his attention to the law, the clergyman dies, Captain Sentry enters upon his life at Coverley Hall, and Sir Andrew Freeport retires.

It has been thought advisable to add a few papers of general interest as showing *The Spectator* at its best, in the hope that the student may be led to browse more widely in the pleasant pastures which the papers as a whole afford.

XXXIII.—REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The motto has been abbreviated in this edition, and the translation of the part selected is from the fine hymn of Bishop Coxe, of western New York, beginning "In the silent midnight watches."

118, 7—cloisters. Covered walks or passages, usually near a monastery, where the monks could take exercise in rainy weather.

118, 21—the path of an arrow. The allusion is to the apocryphal book *Wisdom of Solomon* v, 12-13: "Or like as when an arrow is shot at a mark . . . even so are we."

119, 3—prebendaries. Clergymen attached to cathedrals or collegiate churches who enjoy a prebend, or salary, from the funds of the church.

119, 23—Blenheim. The village in Bavaria where, on August 13, 1704, the great battle between the English with their allies and the French was fought.

119, 31—Sir Cloudesley Shovel. See note, p. **106, 29,** *n.*

XXXIV.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

121, 2—Royal Exchange. See **5, 12,** *n.*

121, 16—Great Mogul. A variant of the word Mongol. The title, Great Mogul, was usually applied to the Emperor of Delhi, in India.

122, 1—Muscovy. A name for Russia, from Moscow. It was at this time that Russia was first coming into prominence in European affairs, under the leadership of Peter the Great.

122, 17—Coptic. The language of the Copts, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, now almost entirely superseded in Egypt by the Arabic.

—grimace. Not in the bad sense.

122, 34—degree. Of latitude.

123, 4—tippet. A scarf-like garment for covering the neck, usually made of fur.

123, 11—hips and haws. The fruits of the rose-bush and the hawthorn, respectively.

123, 14—sloe. A small, bitter plum, the fruit of the blackthorn.

123, 21—face of nature. Rather, the mode of living.

124, 11—one of our old kings. The statue of Charles II stood in the principal hall of the Exchange.

XXXV.—THE CRIES OF LONDON

125, 1—Ramage de la Ville. Warblers of the town.

125, 12—crack. A crazy or crack-brained person. Perhaps what we should now call a "crank."

125, 26—freeman of London. A member of one of the guilds, or free companies of London, which have a large part in the government of the city.

125, 31—liberties. The city limits within which the citizens had certain privileges and immunities.

126, 2—E-la. The highest note in the scale of Guido, hence, proverbially, any extravagant saying. Scott uses it in this sense in *The Abbot*, II, IV, 121.

126, 7—gamut. The musical scale, so called from *gamma*, the name of the note lower than A in the classical scale, and *ut*, the first of a series of six notes forming a hexachord, the others being re, mi, fa, sol, and la. We have changed *ut* to *do* in the modern scale, and have added *se* or *te*.

127, 23—Colly-molly-puff. "This little man was but just able to support the basket of pastry which he held on his head, and sung in a very peculiar tone the cant words which passed into his name, Colly-Molly-Puff. There is a half-sheet print of them in the set of London Cries, M. Lauron, *del.*, P. Tempest, *exc.*"—Granger's *Biographical History of England.* (Chidley's *Spectator.*)

XXXVI.—THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF PUGG THE MONKEY

128, 22—Sir Paul Rycaut. An English diplomat who was ambassador to Turkey. His dates are 1628–1700.

129, 1—captivity in Algiers. The Algerian pirates captured and held for ransom or sold as slaves many Europeans. The United States had an honorable part in putting an end to the practice during the first administration of Jefferson. See Longfellow's poem, *A Dutch Picture*, beginning:

> "Simon Danz has come home again,
> From cruising about with his buccaneers;
> He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
> And carried away the Dean of Jaen
> And sold him in Algiers."

129, 31—Brachman. Or Brahmin, a member of the highest caste among the Hindoos.

129, 32—Pythagoras. A Greek philosopher of southern Italy who probably lived from about 570–500 B. C. His teachings are shrouded in obscurity, but he apparently taught the transmigration of souls, the harmony of the spheres, and the orderly arrangement of the solar system.

129, 34—demon. Spirit.

131, 8—Lombard Street. The banking centre of London.

132, 7—factory. Trading station.

XXXVII.—THE LOVES OF SHALUM AND HILPA

132, 23—a girl of three score and ten. An allusion to the great age attained by the patriarchs before the Flood.

134, 6—first man. Adam, who, in the Garden of Eden, was supposed to be a very skilful horticulturist.

135, 16—billet-doux. A French term usually applied to a short and sweet love letter.

XXXVIII.—THE SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND HILPA

136, 23—tun. A measure for liquids usually equal to four hogsheads.

136, 24—pot-herbs. Plants, the leaves of which are boiled for food, as spinach.

137, 11—timbrel. A kind of drum, used to accompany singing and dancing. It has been in use since remote ages.

137, 16—a whole revolution of Saturn. It takes Saturn twenty-nine and one-half years to make a revolution around the sun.

XXXIX.—THE VISION OF MIRZA

138, 8—Grand Cairo. An allusion to the journey to Egypt described in *The Spectator* No. 1.

138, 17—Bagdat. Bagdad, a city of Asiatic Turkey, on the river Tigris, was the scene of many of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*

139, 35—a bridge . . . in the midst of the tide. The bridge did not cross the river but ran parallel with it.

139, 38—three score and ten entire arches. See Psalm xc, 10.

140, 4—a thousand arches. Before the Flood men lived to be nearly one thousand years old, according to the accounts in Genesis. So Methuselah's age is given in Genesis v, 27 as nine hundred and sixty-nine years.

—a great flood. See Genesis vi, 3.

140, 34—Some with scimitars, etc. Both soldiers and doctors are represented as pushing men off the bridge of life.

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